ROYAL FABLES.

By FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

——— prudenti vitam consilio mònet.

PHOED. Prol.

Tu MARCELLUS eris ———————

VIRG.

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To his Royal Highneſs

GEORGE

PRINCE of WALES.

SIR!

THE Author of theſe Fables flatters himſelf that the Principles of a ſteadfaſt Loyalty, imbibed in his earlieſt days, from the example and inſtruction of a Father, who had the Honour to ſerve your ROYAL HIGHNESS's illuſtrious Anceſtors near fifty years in a Military ſtation; Principles ripened and eſtabliſhed by a conviction that the Pub-

lic welfare depends on the increaſe and proſperity of the Auguſt Houſe of BRUNSWIC; may claim ſome indulgence for the many imperfections of a compoſition which he thus preſumes to lay at your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Feet.

If a laudable deſire to ſow the ſeeds of moral Truth; if an ardent zeal for our *civil* and *religious* LIBERTIES; if a ſincere attachment to his MAJESTY's perſon; whoſe mild Government preſerves to us thoſe invaluable bleſſings; whoſe paternal care and bright example afford us the happy proſpect of their being tranſmitted to lateſt poſterity—if motives ſuch as theſe, ſhall appear to

have

have warmed the Author's breaſt and guided his Pen, in the courſe of this production; it will greatly flatter his Honeſt Pride, whoſe ambition it is to approve, and to have the Honour of ſubſcribing himſelf, with unfeigned zeal and humility,

Your

ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

moſt devoted and

moſt obedient ſervant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

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ROYAL FABLES.

FABLE I.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

SOME ages since, it so fell out,
That meeting at OLYMPIC rout;
(For goddesses have had their day,
To be as modern ladies gay;)

Two females, moſtly known by name,
One VIRTUE call'd——the other FAME,
Diſputed who ſhould lead, or follow,
Into the preſence of APOLLO.

The matter, after verbal fight,
Was brought before the God of light;
When FAME, remark'd for nimble tongue,
Addreſſing firſt, complain'd of wrong.

Shall I, declaim'd the winged fair,
Who boaſt ſuch eyes, ſo fine an air;
With almoſt ev'ry beauty grac'd,
Be thus in competition plac'd,
With ſuch a formal, homely creature,
Without one faſhionable feature?

Shall I, to whom the *Great* reſort,
Whom *Monarchs* have been proud to court,
Provoking fate, midſt War's alarms,
To gain poſſeſſion of my charms;

Precedence yield to one ſo mean,
Amongſt the *great* ſo ſeldom ſeen?
Whom ruſtic *cots* can better pleaſe,
Than dear, inchanting *palaces?*
The very thought is fill'd with ſhame,
And judgment gives in right of FAME.
She paus'd——APOLLO then deſir'd
Such anſwer as the cauſe requir'd;
Which VIRTUE thus, with modeſt grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and cherub face,
Declar'd before the court in brief,
Thence juſtly claiming fit relief.
This girliſh female, God of day,
To knaves and fools a frequent prey,
Of high connections boaſts in vain,
Light phantoms of her idle brain:
Greatneſs you'll own——without my care,
A baſeleſs caſtle in the air;

And rural *cots*, where I resort,
Much nobler than a vicious *court*.

'Tis true, she posts the world around,
And fills it with a mighty sound;
O'er mankind rules in various spheres,
And leads them captive by the ears;
Yet what of this, when oft she flies
To propagate the grossest lies,
And wounds, in blackest guilt's defence,
The cause of spotless innocence?
Here then let ill tim'd diff'rence end,
On worth and justice I depend.

The judge who heard with much respect,
His sentence pass'd to this effect;
Spoke all his thoughts, without disguise,
Th' impartial CAMDEN of the skies.

VIRTUE no doubt may justly claim
Precedence from contending FAME;

Tho'

Tho' monumental falſhoods paſs
With fools, becauſe engrav'd on braſs:
Tho' villains of gigantic ſize,
In marble ſtatues vainly riſe:
Tho' titles, coronets, and ſtate,
Like gew-gaws, deck th' unworthy *great:*
Tho' venal authors gild a name,
Which ſacred truth would brand with ſhame:
A cheated people's loud huzzas,
With all the farce of earthly praiſe;
By VIRTUE unſupported fail,
And vaniſh, like the paſſing gale.
Then, madam FAME, deceitful beauty,
'Tis fit that you confeſs your duty;
For, tho' exalted by a throne,
You cannot long exiſt alone;
Virtue, obſerve, I recommend,
As kindeſt parent, trueſt friend:

Beneath whoſe juſt, and gentle ſway,
You'll live 'till time itſelf decay.

I look into the womb of time,
And view a yet unnotic'd clime;
By Neptune's azure flood enclos'd,
Where harraſs'd freedom ſafe repos'd,
Shall gain you with a gracious ſmile,
To live as friends in BRITAIN's iſle;
To beam your luſtre round her throne,
And mark her monarch all your own.

FABLE

FABLE II.

THE NILE AND THE SEA.

LIFE a dependant chain appears,
With links to join its ſev'ral ſpheres;
Shew judging reaſon when you will,
One plac'd on high, there's higher ſtill;
'Till ſtrain'd progreſſion mounts the ſky,
And melts in vaſt infinity.

Pride, like a priſm, ſuch tints reveals
As Wiſdom's naked eye conceals;
How idly vain then mortal man,
Whoſe fleeting life is but a ſpan,
Tho' rais'd on Fortune's boldeſt wing,
A rich, a brave, a happy king,
Who thinks, with ſelf-ſufficient ſpirit,
All centers in his boundleſs merit;
Who, void of gratitude and ſenſe,
Diſclaims parental PROVIDENCE;

Whence all above, and all below,
Wealth, happineſs, and courage flow?

The king of rivers, ſev'n-mouth NILE,
Which yearly floods the neighbouring ſoil;
Which loads with grain the teeming earth,
And gives a thouſand harveſts birth——
Once, like a human Coxcomb, thought
His pow'r, alone, thoſe bleſſings wrought——
What is, he cried, the thirſty Sea
In competition ſet with me?
My ſprings, my ſtreams ſupport its tide,
Whoſe mighty gulph muſt, unſupplied,
Turn to a wild, and barren ſhore;
The boaſting watry world no more.

To ſcatter bleſſings round, I reign,
And fertilize a vaſt domain;
Which wiſely annual homage pays,
In fit returns of grateful praiſe;

While

While yonder congregated flood
Does none, or very little good———
And yet its haughty billows riſe,
As if to brave th' unheeding ſkies.
What *ſtoic* here could check a ſmile,
To hear the SEA compar'd with NILE?

The ſelf-ſufficient river ſpoke,
In ſounds, like clouds of thunder broke,
'Till ev'n its CROCODILES began
To vie with huge LEVIATHAN;
And thought they muſt in reaſon be
Of greater ſize and quality.

Old OCEAN heard, and tho' diſdain
Had beſt repaid a ſpeech ſo vain;
He choſe, with condeſcenſion mild,
Thus to rebuke his eldeſt child.

Reſtrain, preſuming brook, thy pride;
Though thou, and all thy ſprings, were dry'd,

Thy petty tribute hardly miſs'd,
In glory I ſhould ſtill exiſt.

Who gives the SUN's exhaling beams
The moiſture to ſupply thy ſtreams?
Who gives the fleecy clouds their rain,
To ſprinkle thirſty earth again?
Thou but return'ſt what I have lent,
To form a fruitful continent.

Rais'd in thy own opinion high,
Thou think'ſt not, that beyond the ſky
There dwells a Pow'r, a gen'ral ſource,
Who gave the elements their courſe;
Who gave the lower world its birth,
Of water framing it, and earth;
Who fix'd to each the proper bound,
And mantled them with Æther round;
Who mark'd the glorious Sun his way,
Who bid it ſhine, and give the day;

Who ſpangled o'er with gems of light,
The mild *cerulean* robe of night;
Who gave, in his omnipotence,
To beaſts their ſtrength, to man his ſenſe;
Who cloath'd the birds with plumed grace,
Who fiſhes form'd a ſcaly race;
Who fix'd the ſeaſons varying round,
With diff'rent fruits, and emblems crown'd;
The eye-enliv'ning, pregnant Spring,
With vegetation on its wing;
The bridegroom Summer deck'd with flow'rs,
And blooming Nature's ſtrongeſt pow'rs;
Autumn in golden honours clad,
The peaſant's humble hopes to glad;
Hoar Winter, with its chilly train
Of earth-refreſhing froſts and rain.

'Tis PROVIDENCE which all beſtows;
No atom ſelf-exiſtent grows;

'Twas

'Twas PROVIDENCE created me,
And hence was form'd a ſource for thee;
'Tis PROVIDENCE that gives again
Thy borrow'd waters to the main;
'Tis PROVIDENCE ſuſpends them high,
Condens'd in clouds 'twixt earth and ſky;
'Tis PROVIDENCE, with boundleſs pow'rs,
That melts them to propitious ſhow'rs;
From PROVIDENCE all bleſſings flow,
Which animated beings know;
'Tis PROVIDENCE which reigns thro' all;
Which guides, and ſhields this earthly ball.

Content with thy exalted ſtate,
Learn wiſdom—and be truly great——
Remember, thy majeſtic flood
Th' ETERNAL gave for others good;
Not for thyſelf alone deſign'd,
But to enrich and bleſs mankind.——

Perform,

Perform, on Nature's ſtage, thy part,
Well ſatisfied with what thou art;
Wiſely ſupport thy rank and ſpirit,
By aiming at ſuperior merit;
Nor, vainly ſeeking higher ſtile,
In claiming more, be leſs than NILE;
Like human fools who with ſuch care
Build baſeleſs caſtles in the air;
Which riſe at magic Folly's call,
And with the breath of Reaſon fall.

Thus venerable OCEAN ſaid——
And ſunk beneath the waves his head.

FABLE III.

THE JUST LION.

A Fox impell'd by hunger's cries,
Had made a LAMB his ſacrifice,
When juſt as ev'ry thing was fit,
To revel on his dainty bit,
A lordly PANTHER, paſſing by,
Beheld it with voracious eye;
And, being nobly born, of courſe
The Fox's dinner ſeiz'd by force,
With this remark—Tho' peaſants ſtarve,
PEERS, as they pleaſe, ſhould always CARVE.

REYNARD, thro' fear muſt needs obey,
So lick'd his chaps, and ſlunk away;
Yet ſtill tho' not in body ſtrong,
His feeling heart would bear no wrong;
To LEO's court with ſpeed he flew,
There ſtanding in the Monarch's view,

Stated

Stated at full th' oppreſſive caſe,
With ſimple truth, and piteous face;
Concluding thus,—My Prince, I know,
Will moſt impartial juſtice ſhow;
Wherefore, to his deciſion, I
Submit my life, and property;
The weak, the nameleſs, and the poor,
Where VIRTUE reigns, muſt be ſecure.

The LION heard with honeſt wonder,
And cried, If I permit ſuch plunder,
The monarchy of BEASTS will then
Degen'rate into that of MEN——
But other views ſhall guide my ſway,
And ev'ry rank our laws obey.

Summon LORD PANTHER—ſtraight he came—
And boldly anſwer'd to his name;
Confeſs'd the injur'd FOX's charge,
In all its ſev'ral points at large;

Yet,

Yet, confidently, ſeem'd to think,
That vulgar creature's meat and drink
Should to indulge his want or whim,
Juſt as he choſe, belong to HIM.

You know, my LIEGE, continues he,
I'm one of noble progeny,——
Who, if occaſion urg'd me, could
Alliance prove to *Royal* blood——
Shall paltry REYNARD dare complain,
Nor meet, as ſure he ought, diſdain?
Titles and *rank* are my defence,
But what can ſave his *inſolence*?
For my own part, I am content
His crime ſhould be his puniſhment;
Then let him, gracious LIEGE, I pray,
This once go unchaſtis'd away.

The LION, worthy of his place,
With ſparkling eye, and awful grace,

Spoke

Spoke thus, and bade his court attend——
This PANTHER, once my valu'd friend,
Convicted, thus, of proud oppreſſion,
By evidence, and ſelf-confeſſion,
Howe'er he thinks the action light,
I baniſh from my heart, and ſight.

Shall Noble Birth from juſtice ſave,
Shall titles ſerve to ſcreen a Knave?
Shall Subjects be afraid to ſpeak,
And ſhall the ſtrong devour the weak?
The chain of prudent order broke,
Authority becomes a joke;
And thus applied, howe'er ſublime,
PRE-EMINENCE becomes a CRIME.

It never ſhall, my friends, be ſaid,
When duſt entombs this Royal Head,
To ſtain our Name, in future years,
That LEO ſhelter'd lawleſs PEERS——

Subjects, obſerve what I decide,
To ſhame, and ſting diſhoneſt pride;
This PANTHER on the FOX ſhall wait
Six tedious months, in ſervile ſtate;
And when occaſion gives the charge,
Still watch for prey, or hunt at large;
But ne'er preſume to taſte a bit,
'Till REYNARD graciouſly thinks fit.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE thus a friend may be,
And blunt the edge of TYRANNY;
May teach him, that the lordly part
Is ſeated in a noble heart;
Which rather would itſelf endure
Some pangs of WANT, than rob the POOR.

If e'er, to ſhame our laws, and ſenſe,
I meet again ſuch violence,
Juſtice ſhall doom ſeverer fate,
To puniſh the licentious great;
Nor will I, mark me, Subjects, own
Ought noble, but the Good alone.

FABLE IV.

THE MOUNTAIN AND CLOUD.

A Mountain, which might juſtly vie
With ATLAS to ſupport the ſky,
For ages had, with boundleſs pride,
O'erlook'd the plains on either ſide;
And thought, from his prodigious birth,
He ought to rule their humbler earth;
Tho' grac'd with corn, and fruit, and flocks,
In contraſt to his barren rocks,
On which, inſtead of ought that grows,
Hung tempeſts dark, and endleſs ſnows.

One ſullen care—his folly's doom——
Still rankled in his flinty womb:

That while the radiant ſource of day,
Beam'd o'er the vales with kindly ray,
An envious cloud, eclipſing light,
Wrapp'd his majeſtic head in night.

Impatient of ſuppos'd diſgrace,
And fond to ſhow his hideous face,
Like ſome amongſt the human kind,
To all their groſſeſt failings blind,
Who ſelf-ſufficiently reveal
What prudence wiſely would conceal;
He thunder'd forth his plaint aloud
Againſt the dark impending cloud.

How long, foul vapour, wilt thou dare
To ſhroud my brows, and taint my air?
Shall I, who raging tempeſts ſconr,
Tho' on the wings of light'ning borne;
Shall I, whoſe ſtrength can never fail,
Tho' ev'n a deluge ſhould aſſail,

Be thus obſcur'd ?—vile cloud, away !
And give me to the eye of day.
Stung with this inſolent addreſs
The CLOUD replied——I muſt confeſs,
Gigantic neighbour, what you ſpeak,
Declares that you, tho' great, are weak ;
What worth or beauty canſt thou ſhow,
That's equal to the plains below ?
What lab'ring oxen till thy ſoil ?
What harveſts pay the peaſants toil ?
What fruits, what herbage grace thy ſides ?
What uſeful river o'er thee glides ?
What foreſts nod upon thy brows,
Ne'er ruffled by induſtrious ploughs ?
Why, ſteril maſs of rugged ſtone,
With ſkin of thriftleſs moſs o'ergrown,
Shouldſt thou proclaim thy giant ſize,
As if from thence deſert could riſe,

Or make objections to my ſhade,
Suſpended o'er thy tow'ring head,
Without reflecting 'tis the fate
Attending on ſuperior ſtate,
To have or me, or ſome ſuch other,
Perhaps a tempeſt-breeding brother,
Around by way of caution glide,
To check the ſwell of monſt'rous pride?
While humble, and contented plains,
An emblem of their village ſwains,
With juſtice claim, in being leſs,
A larger ſhare of happineſs
In their obſcure, un-envied ſtation,
Than in thy cloud-topt exaltation;
Which, 'ſpite of all the ſtrength you boaſt,
In ſudden ruin may be loſt.

Thus ſpake the CLOUD, as if inſpir'd,
And with a paſſing gale retir'd;

When ſtraight a ſubterraneous ſound,
Like diſtant thunder, bellow'd round;
The MOUNTAIN felt convulſive pain,
And trembling ſhook thro' ev'ry vein.

FABLE V.

THE EAGLE AND JAY.

AN EAGLE whom we ſoon might prove
Deſcended from the bird of JOVE,
Had we or time, or cauſe to trace
The progreſs of his royal race;
Diminiſh'd fame, and weaken'd ſway,
By placing friendſhip on a JAY;
A bird who, like diſſembling man,
Play'd well the game of—*Cat* in *Pan*.

Not one of all the feather'd kind
So nicely knew the Monarch's mind;
Not one, with ſuch perſuaſive art,
Could learn the ſecrets of his heart;
Nor gain, with much ſuperior ſenſe
And loyalty, ſuch confidence.

This

This prattling fav'rite often flew
In queſt of news; which falſe, or true,
He whiſper'd to his maſter's ear,
Whoſe greateſt weakneſs was to hear.

The JAY, to ſerve each ſelfiſh end,
Appear'd a very ſanguine friend;
Would oft lament that ſubject hearts
Were pregnant with deſtructive arts;
That nothing could, but watchful eyes,
Prevent deep laid conſpiracies;
Declar'd he knew that many birds
Were noted for diſloyal words;
Who therefore ought to feel diſgrace,
In baniſhment from court and place;
Urging his Prince, with rig'rous claws,
To put in force Tyrannic laws.

With miſchief-working hints like theſe
He rous'd ſuch groundleſs jealouſies,

That

That ev'ry night the Eagle's dreams
Were haunted with ſeditious ſchemes;
His tortur'd fancy often view'd
By diff'rent deaths his life purſued;
His ſceptre broke, his throne o'erturn'd,
His race deſtroy'd, and palace burn'd;
'Till made by perturbation ſour,
He felt each pain of thorny pow'r,
And bow'd beneath the cumbrous weight,
Of friendleſs, ſolitary ſtate;
With one ſole bleſſing, that the JAY
Paid faithful homage to his ſway.

His trueſt friends perceiv'd him ſhy,
Suſpicion gloom'd his piercing eye;
A ſpeechleſs, cold, and diſtant ſtate
Made loyalty and love abate;
Diſorder crept throughout his realm,
While he ſat trembling at the helm;

Yet

Yet none preſum'd to aſk the reaſon,
Leſt *Freedom* might be conſtrued *Treaſon*.

At length the Monarch, wearied out,
Began to entertain ſome doubt;
Whether his friend might not improve
On trifles, thro' exceſſive love;
As apprehenſion oft has made
A giant of an empty ſhade.

Poſſeſs'd of this, incog he flew,
And wiſely took a gen'ral view;
Some plaints he heard, but ſoon deſcry'd
They ſprung from his ſuſpicious pride;
And met upon the whole content,
Where'er his pleaſing courſe he bent,
To find himſelf, thro' ev'ry wood,
On ev'ry plain, and ev'ry flood,
Tho' cenſur'd in his regal part,
Still monarch of each ſubject heart.

At length, as with returning night
He homeward wing'd his rapid flight;
Skirting along a lonely wood,
Near which an ancient caſtle ſtood,
From its declining moſs-clad wall,
By trembling age prepar'd to fall,
A well known voice aſſail'd his ear,
He curv'd his courſe, and drawing near,
Perceiv'd the JAY, in this addreſs,
The deep deſigning knave confeſs.

You think me loyal, as I pay
My courtly viſits ev'ry day;
But penetration ne'er will deem
Us levee-hunters what we ſeem;
And, on my word, Sir FALCON, know,
My friendſhip is but outward ſhow;
Were I the honeſt truth to own,
I wiſh to ſee you mount the throne;

Our

Our EAGLE's but a ſilly fowl,
Not two degrees above an Owl,
Without the leaſt pretence on earth
To royalty, except his birth;
Then let us find ſome ſpecious cauſe,
(Suppoſe our liberties, and laws)
To ſeize his crown, and in his ſtead,
To place it on your abler head.

I have a tongue both quick and loud,
Let me harangue the gaping croud
With promiſes—ſure bait for fools——
Who ſerve as politician's tools,
I'll bring about a revolution,
To mend our ſhatter'd conſtitution.

With honeſt rage the Eagle warm'd,
And with death-dealing talons arm'd,
Pounc'd unperceiv'd upon the JAY,
And ſnatch'd his Felon-life away,

This ſacrifice to juſtice made,
The injur'd EAGLE wiſely ſaid;
I find at length this prudent truth,
That choice of friends to age, or youth,
Is, from the cottage to the court,
A matter of the laſt import.
From me let future Monarchs learn
By their own ſenſes to diſcern;
Nor exerciſe unſafe command,
By KNOWLEDGE gain'd at SECOND HAND.

FABLE

FABLE VI.

The FARMER and SPARROWS.

A FARMER ſaw, with much regret,
Some Sparrows in his field of wheat;
And taking up a plunder'd ear,
Exclaim'd in rage, What havock's here!
For this have I manur'd the ſoil,
And till'd it with laborious toil?
Theſe feather'd Epicures—a curſe
To each induſtrious Farmer's purſe,—
I'll try, without the leaſt delay,
To kill, to maim, or fright away.

The thing no ſooner ſaid than done,
He brought with double charge his gun;
Then, Plund'rers, cried, reſign your breath
To leaden meſſengers of Death;
And as his thoughtleſs rage inſpir'd,
Amongſt the corn and birds he fir'd.

Six victims fell!—a joyful ſight—
He ran, and ſeiz'd them with delight;
Aha, he cries, at length y'are caught,
Your dainties have been dearly bought;
From hence your brother thieves may know,
Juſtice is ſure, tho' ſometimes ſlow.

One SPARROW, who had yet ſome breath,
Replied, You triumph in our death;
We lie before your vengeful eyes,
No doubt a pleaſing ſacrifice;
Yet, fooliſh mortal, ſee, and own,
The unthought miſchief you have done;
Much more, tho' raſhly meant for good,
Than twenty times our number cou'd;
Beſides, ſurviving friends will more,
Revenging us, invade your ſtore.

What does your reaſon then avail,
If only weigh'd in paſſion's ſcale?

We

We loſe a doubtful life, 'tis true,
But certain good is loſt to you.

The FARMER look'd, when, lo, he ſaw
Full fourſcore yards of earleſs ſtraw!
For ſuch a tract the ſhot had made,
He ſaw with grief, and ſighing ſaid;
I am a fool, I own the name,
I doubly feel the loſs and ſhame;
And find the man by paſſion wrought,
Who turns to action ſudden thought,
Inſtead of profit, or content,
Will find occaſion to repent;
Then why ſhould anger reaſon fetter?
Reflection would have taught me better.

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FABLE VII.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

IN former times (much worſe they were,
Than thoſe which give us vital air;
For always be it underſtood,
The preſent are both great and good;)
There liv'd, ſo ſays our tale, a wight,
Whom ſcruples made an ERRANT KNIGHT,
A more romantic headed aſs
Than QUIXOTE, CHARLES, or HUDIBRAS,
Who, in his moral feelings nice,
Reſolv'd to quell the monſter VICE;
A greater Hydra ten degrees
Than THAT deſtroy'd by HERCULES.

Arm'd, as he fancied, Cap-a-pie,
With Reaſon, and Morality;
Stronger, tho' light, to take the field,
Than AJAX' boaſted ſev'n-fold ſhield;

A court

A court he ſought, as proper ſoil
To exerciſe his pious toil.

SINCERITY, devoid of ſtate,
Conducted to the palace gate,
And ſeeking entrance, gave her name;
CORRUPTION aſk'd from whom ſhe came;
Which told, he ſhook his hoary head,
And with a ſhrug important ſaid,
Admittance there could only be
For thoſe of higheſt quality:
Yet ſtretching forth his itching palm,
With features and expreſſion calm,
He hinted favour to the KNIGHT,
If ſoften'd by a PERQUISITE.

Our HERO thinking, once let in,
His work of glory might begin,
Straight let ſome golden logic drop,
That CERBERUS might have a ſop;

But ah! in vain, at ev'ry door
CORRUPTION met him as before;
Tho' PROTEUS like, in various guiſe,
To cheat his unſuſpecting eyes;
For none of all the courtly tribe
Would move, he found, without a bribe.

Wearied at length, and what is worſe,
Incumber'd with an empty purſe,
He cried, "Was VIRTUE never here?"
One anſwer'd, "Is he, friend, a PEER,
Or COMMONER, of large eſtate?
We know him not, unleſs he's great."

DISCRETION ſtrove in vain t' aſſwage
Our Hero, fill'd with fire-ey'd rage;
Who fiercely ſwift deſtruction vow'd
To VICE, and all her train, aloud.

His furious ſpeech a *lordly* wag
Immediately pronounc'd *Scan. Mag.*

And

And threaten'd, with a ſpecial warrant,
The perſon of our poor KNIGHT ERRANT;
Who, rather dreading ſuch a caſe,
Reſolv'd to fly the tickliſh place.

From COURT he ſought a lady's ROUTE,
And conqueſt hop'd beyond a doubt;
He ſtood, and ſaw with painful eye
The ſpotted witches circling fly;
And ſaid, More devaſtation ſprings
From four ill painted paſteboard kings,
Than e'er was ſpread o'er publick good,
By any Tyrant, ſince the flood.

At length a COUNTESS—nothing new—
Secur'd a PAM to ſave her LOO;
Which gave occaſion to the KNIGHT
To ſpeak at large againſt the bite;
When one and all the gameſters ſaid,
He merited a broken head:

But ſaid, Through grace, and he might thank it,
They'd only toſs him in a blanket.

Not ſatisfied, he ſought the city,
And ſaid on Change, 'twas wond'rous pity
That mankind, for each other made,
Should try to over-reach in trade;
That merchandize could only be
A ſource of ſordid uſury;
That moral feelings were diſcarded,
And darling Gain alone regarded;
That as the ſage *, by Virtue aw'd,
Call'd MARKETS once the ſeat of FRAUD;
So ſtill, he added, to their ſhame,
They merited the hateful name.

A Broker, of the HEBREW nation,
A knave by nature, and vocation,
Who knew his own defective heart,
Aſſum'd the irritative part;

* Socrates.

Declar'd that man who could defame
And taint the Trader's ſpotleſs name,
That others might be kept in awe,
Deſerv'd the ſharpeſt laſh of law.

Thus having ſounded an alarm,
Each conſcious Knave began to warm;
A hum of miſchievous intent,
Ran thro' the ſons of Cent. per Cent.
Till once again, our KNIGHT defeated,
Before an hoſt of foes retreated,
And wiſer grown than heretofore,
Reſolv'd to combat VICE no more.

The moral hence we hope is plain,
That mankind are ſo blind, or vain,
So whirl'd by whim, by paſſions toſt,
All but the name of Virtue's loſt.
That good example's more prevailing
Than all enthuſiaſtic railing;
And that the man's an ERRANT KNIGHT,
Who ſtrives with *gen'ral* VICE to fight.

FABLE VIII.

THE BEAU AND BUTTERFLY.

THUS ſpeaks an Adage, ſomewhat old,
"TRUTH *is not to be always told.*"

What eye but ſtruck with outward ſhow,
Admires the pretty thing, a BEAU?
Which both by Art and Nature made is,
The ſport of ſenſe, the toy of ladies.

A mortal of this tiney mold,
In cloaths of ſilk, adorn'd with gold,
And dreſs'd in ev'ry point of ſight
To give the world of taſte delight,
Prepar'd to enter his Sedan,
A Birth-day picture of a Man,
Cried out in vain ſoliloquy,
Was ever creature form'd like me?
By Art or Nature's niceſt care,
Made more compleat, and *Debonnair?*

I ſee

I ſee myſelf, with perfect joy,
Of human kind the *Je ne ſçai quoy*;
In ev'ry thing I rival FRANCE,
In faſhion, wit, and ſprightly dance;
So charming are my ſhape and parts,
I'm form'd for captivating hearts;
The proudeſt toaſt, when in the vein,
I take at once by *Coup de main*;
Mort de ma vie, 'tis magic all,
I look, and vanquiſh'd Women fall.

One of the race of BUTTERFLIES,
An inſect far more nice than wiſe,
Who from his ſunny couch of glaſs,
Had liſten'd to the two legg'd Aſs,
With intermeddling zeal replied,
Unequal'd folly—matchleſs pride!
Shalt thou, a patch-work creature, claim
More lovely ſhape, or greater name,

Than

Than one of us? Aſſert thy right,
Stand naked in my critic ſight.

To parent Earth at once reſign
The produce of her golden mine;
Give to the worm her ſilken ſtore,
The di'mond to GOLCONDA's ſhore;
Nor let the many teeth you want,
Be plunder'd from the Elephant;
Let native locks adorn thy head,
Nor glow thy cheeks with borrow'd red;
Give to the OSTRICH back his plume,
Nor rob the CAT of her perfume;
Here to the BEAVER yield at once
His fur which crowns thy empty ſconce;
In ſhort, appear thro' ev'ry part,
No more, nor leſs, than what thou art;
Then little better than an APE,
Will ſhow thy metamorphos'd ſhape;

While BUTTERFLIES to death retain
The beauties they from Nature gain.

You'll ſay, perhaps, our ſojourn here
Is leſs by half, than half a year;
That churliſh Winter ſurely brings
Deſtruction to our painted wings.
I grant the truth—now anſwer me——
Can Beaus outlive adverſity?
Will Milliners, and Taylors join,
To make a foppiſh *Beggar* fine?
'Tis certain, No—of glitter made——
You ſurely vaniſh in the ſhade;
Compar'd, then, who will dare deny
A BEAU is leſs than BUTTERFLY?

FABLE

FABLE IX.

SOCRATES AND THE BEAU.

A *Grecian* Smart, or Buck, or Beau,
(GREECE had her Coxcombs too, we know)
Would needs his puny wit engage
With SOCRATES, the moral SAGE.

This dupe to faſhion's flimzy rules,
Like ſome we know—exiſting fools——
RELIGION deem'd, and even Senſe,
Againſt POLITENESS an offence——
Deſpis'd, as vain, all learned knowledge
Which youth derives from ſchool or college——
And ſaid, Time only flew to waſte
Unleſs with pleaſure wing'd, and taſte.
Full of himſelf, with eager pace,
He ſought the Sage's dwelling place;
Which found, like all the forward kind,
He left his complaiſance behind;

Puſh'd

Puſh'd boldly in, when lo, his ſight
Was ſtruck with unforeſeen delight,
To catch the philoſophic Aſs
Contemplating a looking glaſs.

Friend SOCRATES, the witling cries,
Good morning—ſhall I truſt theſe eyes—
Can gravity, like yours, enjoy
So inſignificant a toy?
I thought a mirror only fit
Where beauty holds the place of wit;
A play-thing for the young and gay,
To fool their vacant hours away.

Yet hold—perhaps unuſual graces
The eye of Contemplation traces;
I'll take myſelf a nicer view,
And give ſo great a man his due.

He cock'd *his* glaſs—for ev'ry Beau
Us'd ſuch two thouſand years ago;

Then

Then cried—Ye Gods, how fine a creature!
What harmony of limb and feature!
What eagle eyes! how grave a beard!
Was ought more perfect ever rear'd?
Tho' in the CLOUDS * you've made me gay,
'Tis now but ſimple truth to ſay,
For elegance of ſhape, and cloaths,
You're foremoſt of Athenian Beaus.

Untouch'd with idle haſty paſſion,
By this ironic fool of faſhion,
(The man can bear all rubs in life,
Who bore like him a ſcolding wife)
The MORALIST look'd up, and ſmil'd;
Then ſaid, I muſt inſtruct you, child——
You ſtare—nay think me not abſurd——
You're but a CHILD, upon my word.

Know, Sir, that years exceeding twenty,
Nor partial fortune ſhedding plenty,

* A Comedy of Ariſtophanes.

That

That titles, perſon, dreſs, nor gait,
Can dignify with man's eſtate;
Beyond all honours, ſhow, or pelf,
Is both *to know*, and *rule thyſelf*.

This *Mirrour* can, if well applied,
Aſſiſting Reaſon, checking Pride,
Much more inſtructive leſſons teach
Than Folly, and her train can reach——
Deign, ſprightly Sir, to take a view;
'Twas chiefly made for ſuch as you——
Soon as it ſtruck Sir FOPLING's eyes,
Diſtended features ſhow'd ſurprize;
And well, to own a truth, they might
At ſuch a mortifying ſight;
For lo, the glaſs, beyond a doubt,
Had turn'd the reptile inſide out;
He ſaw, with pain, his brainleſs ſcull
Of gewgaws and of faſhions full;

And found that Vice, in ev'ry part
Had putrified his wretched heart.

Says SOCRATES, Good friend, what now?
Why ſits amazement on your brow?
Had you but ſtriv'n to deck your mind,
Nor all your care to dreſs confin'd,
A fairer proſpect then had been
In ſuch a kind reflector ſeen;
Time yet is yours—employ it better——
Nor be to common ſenſe a debtor.
Let kind reflection juſtly tell
The happy art of living well;
An art, if I can ought diſcern,
Fine Gentlemen want much to learn.

The Beau, abaſh'd, retir'd in haſte,
Both diſappointed and diſgrac'd.

FABLE

FABLE X.

THE SWALLOW AND PIKE.

'TIS common amongſt human kind,
All errors, but our own, to find;
Nay, oft we lay ſevereſt blame,
When guilty of the very ſame;
What magic pow'r can dim our ſight,
Or make us look thro' partial light?
SELF-APPROBATION, thee I call,
The dear deluſive ſource of all.

The HYPOCRITE, with ſainted face,
Will ſtill hypocriſy diſgrace;
Lifts up in pray'r his hands and eyes,
Unbluſhing to th' inſulted ſkies;
While earth-incumber'd thought remains
Faſt bound below, in worldly chains;
Yet calls devotion impious art,
Which flows not pure, and from the heart.

The GAMESTER cries, that ſhame ſhould fix
Her brand upon diſhoneſt tricks;
To ſlip a card, or cog a die,
He calls the blackeſt infamy;
Yet ſtake with him, he's nothing loth,
When-e'er he can, to practiſe both.

The ENVIOUS man affects ſurprize,
To hear of grudging hearts, or eyes;
Tho' all he ſees another gain,
Infects his worthleſs mind with pain.

NARCISSA's huſband ſix weeks dead,
E'en widow like ſhe choſe to wed;
AMELIA heard, cried Fie for ſhame!
And, in a fortnight, did the ſame.

LIBERIA, whoſe abandon'd life,
With modeſty holds conſtant ſtrife,
Exclaims, What ſhame do thoſe deſerve
Who cannot keep a juſt reſerve?

Thus

Thus CENSURE, like a ſhuttle-cock,
Is bandied round the human flock;
And always takes its boldeſt wing,
From thoſe who beſt deſerve its ſting.

The ſetting SUN, with Eaſtward beams,
Now lightly ſparkled o'er the ſtreams;
When eager in purſuit of food,
An hungry *Swallow* ſkim'd the flood;
Myriads of Flies muſt death endure,
To gorge the feather'd Epicure;
Who, rather fated with his prey,
Turn'd ſerious work, to wanton play,
And in his gambols needs muſt try,
How near the water he could fly.

So near the raſh advent'rer went,
To that precarious element,
That from his ruſh-encircled bed,
A greedy PIKE rais'd up his head;

And darting as the SWALLOW paſs'd,
Catch'd his unthinking victim faſt;
A pinion broke, then let him float
Within the compaſs of his throat;
While thouſands and ten thouſand flies,
Buzz'd loud thankſgiving to the ſkies;
That ſuch an hungry monſter's doom
Should be to find a living tomb.

The wounded bird made his defence,
By thus pretending innocence——

What have I done, good lordly PIKE,
To merit thus your dread diſlike?
It was beneath your rank to follow,
A poor and inoffenſive SWALLOW;
So mild and tender in his nature,
As ne'er to hurt a mortal creature.

Audacious wretch, the PIKE replied,
Of guilt convicted, ſoon as tried;

How

How dares thy coward cunning try
To ſhelter life, with ſophiſtry?

Why o'er this river didſt thou ſkim,
Was it for profit, ſlave! or whim?
Didſt thou not dare, before theſe eyes,
To gorge innumerable Flies?
Inſects, whoſe right to life, tho' ſmall,
Equals the greateſt of us all;
Whoſe tender fibres cruſh'd retain
As quick and deep a ſenſe of pain;
Beſides *my* darling Fiſh muſt be,
Depriv'd of theſe, unfit for me;
Like me, thou haſt no other right,
But greater ſtrength, and appetite;
If I'm a murd'rer in thy view,
The Flies may call thee murd'rer too;

Yet ſtill we only follow Man,
To prey on what, and whom we can.

Thus pleading Nature's gen'ral law,
He gave the morſel to his maw.

FABLE

FABLE XI.

THE BIRTH DAY.

THE morn was come, the brilliant morn,
On which Fame ſaid, my LORD was born;
The courtly SUN——who more polite,
Contributed unuſual light——
The vegetable world was ſeen
Exhibiting more vivid green;
The feather'd ſongſters tun'd their throats,
To louder and more jocund notes;
All Nature ſmil'd, and look'd more gay,
To honour the auſpicious day;
Nor could ſhe, reaſon muſt confeſs,
Do for a TITLED mortal, leſs——
Whom twenty-one indulgent years
Had ripen'd for the HOUSE of PEERS.

At ſuch an æra, cuſtom pays
A world of compliments, and praiſe;

Mere phantoms of external ſhow,
Which from the lip of int'reſt flow;
For let the ſelf-ſame wond'rous man,
So worſhipp'd by a ſervile clan,
Be ſtripp'd of titles and eſtate,
He's then no longer good, nor great.

The BIRTH DAY levee now were come,
And marſhall'd in the drawing room;
A medly of moſt curious creatures,
As diff'rent in deſigns as features.

Here fawning *Prieſts*, with looks demure,
In hopes to get a better *cure*,
Appear'd to grace the friendly croud;
And very low——for livings bow'd——

On t' other ſide, the ſons of law,
Their rev'rence make with diſtant awe;
No counſel, ſure, wou'd ever grudge
A ſcrape or two——to be a *Judge*,

Ev'n

Ev'n thy diſciples, MARS, beſet
The youthful riſing coronet.

But where is he the race can ſhun
When thou, Preferment, bid'ſt him run?
Thy magic ſpur can quicken all,
To circle round this earthly ball;
To combat dangers, cares, and ſtrife,
Nay, ſome to hazard fame with life.

Amongſt the reſt, one ſuitor came,
A ſtranger ſcarcely known by name,
Who acting on a diff'rent plan,
Declar'd himſelf, the HONEST MAN.

This ruſtic blade approach'd the peer———
I've reach'd, he ſaid, my ninetieth year;
Three ſcore of which, young Lord, have I
Been tenant to your family———
Then, let me firſt with kindneſs prove
Your patronage, and noble love;

Tho'

Tho' plain my coat, my heart, I truſt,
Hath ever been in action juſt;
I boldly aſk, what theſe conceal,
And hope to win, what they would ſteal,
Your favour——not for ſelfiſh end———
But more to ſhow myſelf your friend.

I aſk not wealth, for common ſenſe
Hath made me rich in competence;
I aſk not titles, they muſt ſhame
My humble parts, and humble name;
But aſk a boon which you may grant,
Nor for another ſuit or want;
Age bows my body to the grave,
Remaining time I wiſh to ſave,
Thus haſting off this ſtage of ſtrife,
Will you beſtow ſome years of life?

The youthful Peer, whoſe heart was good,
And full as noble, as his blood;

In ſentiments, as rank ſublime;
Perhaps the CARLISLE of his time———
Replied, I underſtand thee not———
What pow'r have I to change thy lot
Of life or death?——yet what is mine
I promiſe freely ſhall be thine;
I've heard thy worth, and dare afford
To bind it with my ſolemn word.

Oh noble youth, return'd the ſire,
May heav'n thy virtuous mind inſpire;
Each worthy deed of thine will be
A year of added life to me———
Thus I may aſk, without a crime,
To lengthen out with joy my time.

His Lordſhip hear'd with ſmiling face,
Then ruſh'd into a kind embrace;
And cried, Good father, thy requeſt
Shall live for ever in this breaſt;

And far as mortal frailty reaches,
I'll practiſe what thy wiſdom teaches;
Nor will I ſpecious ſhow regard,
But worth in honeſt men reward;
And keep my favours there confin'd,
Where virtues ornament the mind.

He ſaid——the levee ſhrunk away——
Like night before the riſing day.

FABLE

FABLE XII.

THE LION AND FOX.

A LION, full of youthful blood,
Who rul'd at large a ſpacious wood;
Whom flatterers had often told,
No ſpear could pierce, no toil could hold;
Like ſome amongſt the human kind,
Was plagu'd with an *ambitious* mind;
By birth poſſeſs'd with ample ſtore,
He ſigh'd, and vainly wiſh'd for more;
And reſtleſs deem'd his royal lot,
Pent up within too ſmall a ſpot.

Poſſeſs'd of this, in waking dreams,
He laid ten thouſand frantic ſchemes;
Projected conqueſts far and wide,
Extended rule on ev'ry ſide;
Saw ſavage nations fall before him,
And many thouſands more adore him;

Nay,

Nay, ſaw in his unbounded plan,
His ſceptre ſway the tyrant man.

At length, vouchſafing to impart
The mighty purpoſe of his heart
A Fox, who many years had been
Chief actor in each buſy ſcene;
And therefore well knew how to fix
The real worth of politics;
Who warm'd with patriotic zeal,
Preferr'd, to gain, the common weal;
Preſum'd, without diſguiſe, to aſk,
That he might ſhare his Prince's taſk;
Or haply cool, by timely truth,
The *ardour* of impetuous youth.

Why thus, my friend, the LION cries,
Beyond myſelf I mean to riſe;
And more t'exalt my preſent ſtate,
Henceforth to be ſurnam'd—the GREAT.

Thou

Thou know'ſt the foreſt which lies ſouth,
Beyond the Golden Valley's mouth;
With awful caves, and choice of ſport,
Where TYGER keeps his mimic court;
I'll ſeize by force the vaſt domain,
To add new ſtrength, and grace my reign;
From thence, with moſt reſiſtleſs force,
March to the ſable river's courſe;
Hurl haughty LEOPARD from his throne,
And make that plenteous realm my own:
Then our victorious banners wave,
'Till ELEPHANT becomes my ſlave:
Inferior princes at my call,
Muſt homage pay, and proſtrate fall.

Thus, when a world ſalutes me King,
And boundleſs nations tribute bring;
I'll turn towards my native ſoil,
And there enjoy my glorious toil.

The Fox replied, Your royal name,
My Liege, and your immortal fame;
Join'd to your happy kingdom's good,
I tender dearly as my blood;
This forces truth upon my tongue,
And pardon claims, ſhould I be wrong.

Look round, and ſee, with calm content,
The realm you govern by deſcent;
With Heav'n's beſt gifts ſupremely bleſs'd,
With plenty crown'd, and joy and reſt,
See happineſs thro' ev'ry part
Diffus'd to glad your princely heart;
Each beaſt with pleaſure howls your praiſe,
And views you with admiring gaze;
What then ſhould more a *King* rejoice,
Than *Loyalty*'s approving voice?

I know, great ſir, that young in life,
Unpractiſ'd too, in martial ſtrife;

Ambi-

Ambition cries, Your mighty paw
Should keep the proſtrate world in awe;
But let the reſtleſs ſource of care,
Be baniſh'd from your boſom far;
That fever of an heated mind,
To yours, and gen'ral ſafety blind.

Suppoſe, for once, the faireſt view
Which FAME and FORTUNE could purſue;
Suppoſe ſucceſs with rapid force
Should urge you o'er a downhill courſe;
That ev'ry wind, and ev'ry ſtream,
Should waft you tow'rds your golden dream;
Nay, grant beyond the utmoſt ſcope
Of warmeſt wiſh, and boldeſt hope;
Ten thouſand cares, unknown before,
Surrounding, will perplex you more;
Our hiſtory, like that of man,
Will contradict your dang'rous plan;

For jealous eyes muſt ſtill purſue,
Your conqueſts, with malicious view;
Compulſion, ſage experience ſhows,
An origin of reſtleſs foes;
And limbs beyond the body grown,
May overweigh, perhaps, your *throne*.

Next let Reflection's eye advance,
And view with care precarious chance;
The fate of war in ballance hung,
May ſpeak with moſt perſuaſive tongue;
Let Fancy, like a faithful ſcout,
Bring to your ſight a total rout;
Behold your ſcatter'd warriors fly,
Or vanquiſh'd in the battle die;
With fell revenge the conqu'rors burn,
To waſte your kingdom in return;
On ev'ry ſide your ſubjects fall;
What pow'r can baniſh'd life recall?

See *Deſolation*'s dreary face
Glare horrible in ev'ry place;
By no reſtrictive rulers aw'd,
See *Famine*, *Murder*, ſtalk abroad,
See all, which ſeen makes Nature ſhrink,
And learn, my prince, betimes to think.

You judge, perhaps, an active mind,
In peaceful times too much confin'd;
And think with Glory's dreams poſſeſs'd,
That all but war is ſlothful reſt;
Yet *monarchs* in the calmeſt hour,
May ſhow the brighteſt beams of pow'r.

To frame new wholeſome laws, or give
Due influence to thoſe which live;
To baniſh vice, and always be
The bounteous friend of induſtry;
To hold the worthy in regard,
And cheriſh merit with reward;

Is ſure a ſafer, milder way
To FAME which never can decay;
Than that which martial glory leads,
While wounded Nature groaning bleeds.

This truth, my Royal Lord, receive,
And as you know my love, believe———
War combats Reaſon, Virtue, Senſe,
Unleſs declar'd for *ſelf-defence*;
In ſuch a caſe the heart muſt warm,
While *Nature* bids the weakeſt arm;
Repelling wrong, protecting *right*,
Your ſubjects will with pleaſure fight;
And bravely dare *Death*'s darkeſt frown,
To ſave their *freedom*, and your *crown*.

Then, Sir, to grace your royal blood,
Shine truly GREAT, in being GOOD.

FABLE

FABLE XIII.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND RATTLE.

A Solemn port, a brow auſtere,
Abſtracted pride, and mind ſevere;
Contempt by looks, and language ſhown,
For all opinions but its own;
Cloaths made to contradict the faſhion
Of any age, and ev'ry nation;
With converſation moſt ſublime,
Which calls amuſement, waſte of time;
Have often ſeem'd, yet ne'er could be,
Nature's beſt guide, *Philoſophy.*

A wight of this ſequeſter'd ſtamp,
Who long had o'er the midnight lamp,
With leſs of profit than of pains,
Begloom'd his mind and rack'd his brains;
Defrauding Nature of her due,
In conſtant ſearch of ſomething new;

'Till overloaded with the weight
Of knowledge, Reaſon left her ſeat:
For as the body, ſo the head
May poſſibly be overfed;
And haply wanting proper vent,
May turn to *poiſon*, *nouriſhment*:
A wight like this, relates our tale,
Who weigh'd each thought in Logic's ſcale;
Once met, perchance, a ſprightly child,
With youth and pleaſure almoſt wild;
Who ſhaking his new *rattle* ran,
And thus addreſs'd this learned man;
As children free from ſelfiſh care,
Like thoſe enjoyments beſt they ſhare:

See here, good Sir, the pretty thing,
Mama has bought her *little king*;
Come, take it in your hand, and play
As I do — look you — here's the way.

So

So freely ſpoke the prattling boy,
And thought to give our Stoic joy!
Who took his bauble with a frown,
Then——From the cottage to the crown
'Tis folly all alike, he cries;
How few endeavour to be wiſe?
Nor is it ſtrange: ſince youth are taught
An idle vacancy of thought;
By parents giving approbation
To implements of diſſipation
Like this; on ev'ry ſlight pretence;
Which, flatt'ring *Fancy*, murder *Senſe*.

He ſaid; and with contempt profound,
His hand diſcharg'd it to the ground.

The boy in ſimple wonder gaz'd,
His little heart ſhrunk back amaz'd;
A doubtful cloud o'er-hung each eye,
He knew not which, to laugh, or cry;

But ſoon the RATTLE found a tongue,
To anſwer ſuch indignant wrong,
For be it known, that injur'd wood
Can ſcold, as well as fleſh and blood.

Why, how now, whence ſuch ſurly looks,
Thou overbearing man of books?
I dare aſſert, and ſpeak with reaſon,
That all things have their proper ſeaſon;
And toys, like me, are well deſign'd
To entertain a childiſh mind:

My name perhaps begets diſdain,
In one like you of knowledge vain;
But pauſe a while—like PROTEUS—I
The force of various ſhapes can try;
And play my parts on Nature's ſtage,
To pleaſe all ranks, and ev'ry age.

Sometimes like Glory's brighteſt gem,
To *kings* I come a diadem;

Before

Before the *Curate*'s eyes I'm drawn
In form of moſt attractive lawn;
The *Lawyer*, with ambition big,
Admires me in a *Judge*'s wig;
The *Soldier* I can vanquiſh ſoon,
In pleaſing ſhape of a battoon;
The *Merchant*, having bought and ſold,
Retiring finds me in his gold;
To *Turtle* turn'd——I ſtill ſecure
Each gormandizing *Epicure*;
I hit the Bacchanalian's vein,
In ſparkling flaſks of briſk champaign;
The *Beau* I catch, as well as brute,
When chang'd into a birth-day ſuit;
A * GIMCRACK to the racing crew,
I ſkim the plain, and they purſue;
The ALLEY knaves I catch in flocks,
Transform'd to precious riſing ſtocks:

* A *famous race-horſe.*

Convey'd

Convey'd in fair CORINNA's ſmiles,
My ſhade her lover's care beguiles.

The ladies too, in ev'ry ſtate,
By diff'rent forms I captivate;
Sometimes I catch the fair one's view,
With plunder of enchanting *loo*;
Now chang'd to di'mond ſolitaire,
VANINA gives me all her care;
A coronet and equipage,
In me another's heart engage;
A fourth admits me through her eyes,
In form of oaths, and vows, and ſighs;
Both young and old, both high and low,
Alike to me attachment ſhow.

Ev'n you, with all your learning, ſenſe,
Againſt my pow'r have no defence;
For howſoe'er in words you battle,
Your *ſummum bonum's* but a RATTLE.

FABLE

FABLE XIV.

THE COCK AND POINTER.

COURAGE, which ſerves a worthy end,
The virtuous and the wiſe commend;
Who likewiſe judge by certain rule,
That headlong raſhneſs marks a fool;
Making ſuch worth as might adorn
The ſource of perils, pain, and ſcorn.

A COCK, who oft in bloody fray,
Had borne the VICTOR's prize away;
Tho' not without indented ſcars,
Heroic ſignals of his wars;
By frequent conqueſts grew ſo vain,
That glory turn'd his martial brain;
And made the images of fight,
Haunt all his wiſhes, day and night;
A feather'd QUIXOTE, fit for battle,
With men, with windmills, or with cattle;

For if he might his proweſs ſhow,
He valued not what kind of foe.

One day an honeſt POINTER went,
With humble competence content,
To ſcrape the dunghill for a bone,
Which, having hid, he thought his own;
The COCK obſerv'd with jealous eye,
Crow'd, clapp'd his wings, and drawing nigh,
Declar'd, by all the pow'rs of fate,
No thief ſhould plunder his eſtate.

The DOG, by converſe gentle made,
Gave ſmooth reply, tho' not afraid;
And ſaid, With diff'rent taſtes we're born,
I feed on *fleſh*, you reliſh *corn*;
What variance then ſhould make us jar,
I hate, I own, the thoughts of war;
And would in ſocial concord reſt,
With ev'ry kind of bird and beaſt;

Save

Save when my maſter's net, or gun
Requires, in ſearch of game, to run.

The Cock replied, A coward ſtill
Can find evaſions if he will;
Know that my juſt reſentment ſoon
Shall teach thee diſtance, vile poltroon;
No leſs a *Spaniard* in thy heart,
Than in thy name, and outward part;
Thus learn—ſo ſaying ſlapp'd a ſtroke—
You'll find it, reptile, more than joke.

The Dog, unhurt, kept ſcratching on,
And only bade the Cock begone;
Who, ſure of conqueſt, ſtruck ſome blows,
Which wounded Ponto's tender noſe;
Whoſe patience loſt, a ſingle bite
Concluded the unequal fight:
Sir Chanticleer ſcream'd out, and dy'd,
A Martyr to his fooliſh pride.

FABLE

FABLE XV.

THE CYNIC AND FASHION.

SOME think on ev'ry ſlight pretence,
That ſnarling ſhows a fund of ſenſe;
And therefore ſhrewdly never fail,
Reaſon, or none, to mouth, and rail;
As if the ſcope of moral thought,
Lay all compriz'd in finding fault.

It happen'd ſo that one of theſe,
A thorough bred DIOGENES;
That ſprightly damſel FASHION met,
And lectur'd thus the gay Coquette.

'Tis true, I know, fantaſtic madam,
Thou foe to all the race of ADAM;
Thou thing of nothing, gaudy moppet,
No better than a dreſs'd up puppet;
I know thy pow'r, thy matchleſs pride,
That reaſon has the weaker ſide,

Yet

Yet dare I ſpeak my thoughts aloud,
Tho' Fancy ſways the ſenſeleſs crowd;
And ſhow that all thy flimzy rules,
Are cobweb bands to fetter *fools*.

How dar'ſt thou, trifler as thou art,
Preſume to rule the human heart?
To captivate the thoughtleſs eyes,
And warp the nobler faculties?
Degrading ſenſe, and ſtudious care,
With empty taſte, and idle air.

Thy proſelytes, a coxcomb train,
Of outward ſhow alone are vain;
Who ſtill to real merit blind,
Enſlav'd by dreſs, neglect the mind.

Say what avails thy ſplendid ſhow,
Tho' colours rival IRIS' bow;
Tho' jewels from the INDIAN mine,
Arrang'd in niceſt order ſhine;

Tho'

Tho' ev'ry quarter of the globe,
Should join thy perſon to enrobe;
Thy proper title ſtill muſt be,
The Weathercock of *Vanity*.

Fashion, with ſly and gentle look,
Receiv'd this *cynical* rebuke;
Then ſmiling, *ſhrewdly thus* replied,
There are more ſorts, than one, of *Pride*;
A weed ſo rank—in every college,
It chokes fair ſcience, learning, knowledge.
Look inward, ſurly friend, and ſee,
If ſuch a monſter dwells in thee;
Let objects in due form ariſe,
And ſenſe obey impartial eyes;
While prejudice invades the mind,
'Tis ever obſtinate, or blind.

Think you, grave Sir, that wiſdom ſhows
With better grace in ſhapeleſs cloaths?

That

That Virtue ſpeaks with ſtronger note,
In longer, or in ſhorter coat?
That learning dare not ſhow its face,
Beneath a little harmleſs lace?
Muſt piety upon her back,
Still wear a formal robe of black?
Can none expire in honour's bed,
But martial ſpirits bound in red?
'Tis all a farce, and none but fools
Would judge by ſuch contracted rules.

You've boldly charged me home with treaſon,
Againſt the ſacred power of reaſon;
But wherefore ſo? all things on earth
From ſome good purpoſe draw their birth;
And rightly manag'd ſerve to bleſs;
Yet when perverted by exceſs,
Slaves of irrational abuſe,
They loſe their beauty, worth, and uſe.

Thus I, by prudence firſt was made,
A friend to induſtry and trade;
My purpoſes will proof endure,
I pleaſe the *rich*, to feed the *poor*;
I rule the great with my commands,
And ſet to work unnumber'd hands;
From my inconſtant temper ſprings
To ſubjects wealth, and pow'r to kings;
Divided between land and ſea,
Millions derive ſupport from me.

Indeed when mimic folly breaks
Diſcretion's bounds, and wildly takes
My ſhape; I always feel diſgrace
With painful bluſhes tinge my face.

To ſee, forgetting diff'rent ſpheres,
Mechanics boldly apeing peers;
To ſee fine ladies Abigails,
Drag ſilken trains, like Peacocks tails;

To ſee the wife of homely cit,
Attempt the ſtile of courtly wit;
To ſee an ALDERMAN advance,
In capers newly brought from FRANCE;
To ſee a *flaunting ſemſtreſs* come
To figure at a lady's drum;
To ſee a draggled prentice ſent
With cards of ill-ſpelt compliment;
To ſee, the ſordid ſlave of vice,
A LONDON merchant trade with DICE;

To ſee all theſe, and many more,
Which life affords in ample ſtore;
May raiſe your cenſure, or compaſſion,
But call them MADNESS, friend, not FASHION.

FABLE XVI.

THE ROYAL DOVE.

EXAMPLE ſtreaming from the great,
Thro' each department of a ſtate,
Should as untainted ſnow be fair,
And ſpread around with virtuous care;
For be it either good or bad,
Moſt ranks are faſhionably mad.

An EAGLE who had ſeen with pain,
Licentiouſneſs extend its reign;
Whoſe more than uſual patriot eye,
Saw moſt in birds of *quality*;
Saw marriage, like compulſive tether,
His lords and ladies link together;
With ſcarce a ſpark of love to light
The ſcanty ſpace of wedding night;
Who ſaw gallants and miſtreſſes,
The ſev'ral parties better pleaſe;

Who ſaw deſtructive cards and dice,
In triumph lead domeſtic vice;
Who ſaw a love of foreign faſhions
With endleſs idle diſſipations,
Infect bats, owls, and carrion crows,
As well as gaudy well-plum'd beaus,
Who ſaw diſcretion yield to pride,
But chiefly on the female ſide;
Kindly reſolv'd, by wiſdom led,
A partner for his royal bed;
That ſubjects looking to the throne,
From Virtues there might form their own.

The proſelyte of prudent love,
He fix'd his choice upon a DOVE;
Whom Nature had with partial care
Created good as well as fair.

With open hand Benevolence,
The child of Virtue and of Senſe

Diſpers'd her various bounties round,
With multitudes of bleſſings crown'd;
A conſtant and engaging mate,
She ſmooth'd her conſort's cares of ſtate;
Whoſe captive heart each coming day,
Own'd more and more her gentle ſway;
Which never aim'd at any pow'r,
But that of ſweet'ning ev'ry hour.

Mothers from her might fully prove
The raptures of maternal love;
And ſure no offspring ever could
Bring more of joy, or public good.

Mild condeſcenſion ſmooth'd her brow,
And taught ill judging pride to bow;
Whene'er ſhe coo'd, the ſubjects hung
With rapture on her tuneful tongue;
And thoſe were ever moſt admir'd,
Who catch'd that goodneſs ſhe inſpir'd.

Each

Each couple, like the ROYAL PAIR,
Still ſympathiz'd in joy and care;
Till HYMEN, with peculiar grace,
Was ſeen to ſmile in ev'ry place;
Ev'n fickle, wanton Sparrows now
Would faſhionably keep their vow.

Perfect in ev'ry ſcene of life,
Review'd as mother, friend, or wife;
The truly ROYAL DOVE was ſeen,
To act, to coo, to look the QUEEN;
With charming form, and gentle mind,
Almoſt the CHARLOTTE of her kind.

FABLE XVII.

THE ROMAN AND BARBARIAN.

WHEN ROME was in her height of glory,
So find we in hiſtoric ſtory;
Struck with her univerſal fame,
A travelling BARBARIAN came,
Who wiſh'd in all her parts to ſee
That boaſted ſeat of liberty.

A CITIZEN engag'd to ſhow
The ſtranger all he wiſh'd to know;
O'er all her ſev'n proud hills they ſtray'd,
And various obſervations made;
The ROMAN pointing to his gueſt,
Thoſe proſpects which he fancied beſt,

There view our CAPITOL, he cries,
Stupendous ſubject of ſurprize!
Where ſits our SENATE framing law,
To keep the conquer'd world in awe.

Examine

Examine with punctilious care,
This ſpacious AMPHITHEATRE;
Where thronging nations may find room——
Such is its large, capacious womb.

Behold, with reverence profound!
Our vaſt PANTHEON's ſacred round!
Where, wiſely ſuited to the place,
Our imag'd Gods give hallow'd grace!

Behold this Column tow'ring high,
Which ſeems to emulate the ſky;
Thoſe BATHS ſuperb!—ſee—curious ſight!
Are fram'd for profit and delight.

View hence the ſun his luſtre beam,
To gild majeſtic TYBER's ſtream;
By which our plenteous city gains
The produce of unnumber'd plains.

Look round, in ſhort, on ev'ry part,
Then freely ſpeak, and from your heart,

If Art and Nature ſo combin'd,
With elegance and grandeur join'd,
E'er ſtruck your raviſh'd eyes before
Your footſteps trod the ROMAN ſhore.

Here the BARBARIAN (for that name
Thoſe proud monopoliſts of Fame,
The ROMANS, gave with partial ſneer,
To all beyond their native ſphere ;)
Admitted, on a curious view,
The ſev'ral obſervations true ;
Yet ſeem'd to ſay that ſolid ſenſe
Ne'er doated on magnificence.

Did all, ſays he, this grandeur come
By lawful means, to lordly ROME ?
For why ſhould many nations groan,
To deck a city not their own ?
Were ſhe by emulative trade,
In wealth, and pow'r, ſuperior made ;

Did

Did ſhe not gain her boaſted charms,
By rapine, and the force of arms;
Could all her pompous marks of ſtate,
Avert th' unerring ſhafts of fate;
(For, once ſhe muſt her ruin mourn,
Like other empires in her turn;)
Could pow'r and grandeur time defy,
Nor ROMANS like BARBARIANS die;
Could they procure a better lot,
In future worlds, when here forgot;
Could they, on life's precarious ſtage,
But add one ſcene to failing age;
Could they from ſickneſs take its pains,
Or harmonize diſorder'd brains;
Could they with kind inſtructive art,
Inform the head, and mend the heart;
Could they the hours miſpent recal,
And ſhed Divine Content on all;

The world might then with juſtice come,
And worſhip your unrival'd ROME.

But as it is—(excuſe a truth,
Not the leſs certain, tho' uncouth;
Since ſure it cannot be denied)
They only ſerve to pamper pride.

FABLE

FABLE XVIII.

The POLITIC LION.

IN life no error more appears
Than ill adapted characters.

Who would not either laugh, or cry,
The contraſt of philoſophy,
To ſee a valiant ſoldier loll
And ſlumber in a Prebend's ſtall,
Devoid of Piety and Knowledge,
Who ſhames Religion, and the College;
(His morals nought but outward ſhow,)
And ſhines a moſt irrev'rend beau.

What other feelings ſtrike the heart,
To ſee the grave Physician's part
Diſgrac'd by thoſe, (as oft is ſeen,)
Who good mechanics might have been;
To ſee a genius, form'd for trade,
A blund'ring *Pettyfogger* made;

To

To ſee a farming country Squire,
Sent up a ſilent Knight o' th' ſhire——
To ſee a Poet, or Muſician,
Commencing ſhallow Politician;
In ſhort, to ſee, as ſenſe muſt own,
So many men turn'd upſide down;
And Reaſon's dictates caſt aſide,
By Folly, Avarice, or Pride.
When each man in a proper place,
Might act his part with decent grace.

A Lion, who with ſov'reign ſway
The foreſt rul'd—one council day,
Among the ſubject beaſts declar'd,
That he and they muſt ſtand prepar'd
A moſt tremendous war to wage,
Demanding wiſdom, ſtrength, and rage.

Let all, he cries, take proper ſpheres,
And all who march, be volunteers——

In

In ev'ry enterprize we find
There's nothing like a willing mind.

You, BRUIN, whom we henceforth call
Our Muſter-maſter General,
Collect our *Warriors* with ſuch ſpeed,
As ſuits a time of preſſing need;
For this the wiſeſt means purſue:
Ourſelf will take the grand *review*.

His royal Mandate ſpread about,
All royal beaſts began their route;
The HARE and ASS, with others came,
Thro' *Duty*, more than love of *Fame*;
Whom when the cynic Bear beheld,
With ſavage laugh he ſhook the field;
Then ſaid, with an ironic ſneer,
Oh, welcome, valiant creatures, here——
What Monarchs ſhrink at war's alarms,
When ſuch as you cry out—To arms!

Heroes!

Heroes! for boundleſs conqueſt made——
Of nothing, but diſgrace, afraid.

The baſhful couple in diſmay,
Held down their heads and ſlunk away——
Too often modeſt worth and ſenſe
Give place to harden'd impudence.

Juſt then the LION, paſſing by,
Beheld them with indulgent eye;
And having kindly aſk'd their caſes,
Declar'd they ſhould be fix'd in places,——
Which, certainly, tho' not ſo great
As many others in the ſtate,
Had ſtill their worth, and were of uſe,
Beyond the reach of proud abuſe.

Then turning to the BEAR, he cry'd,
How durſt you, Sir, indulge your pride?
If you had been as wiſe, as ſtrong,
Your ſenſe would then have check'd your tongue——

Good

Good ſubjects muſt be dear to me,
Whether of high, or low degree.

Indeed ſhould I ſo groſsly err,
Unworthy creatures to prefer;
Should I ſo far from prudence wander,
To make an Ass or HARE commander;
My ſubjects might with cauſe complain,
And ſtigmatize my ſimple reign.

But while I, with impartial ſpirit,
Pay due regard to honeſt merit;
While juſt gradation forward leads,
And beaſts are valu'd for their deeds;
They'll well perform their ſev'ral parts,
And I reign Monarch of their hearts.

Thoſe creatures you ſo much diſdain,
When thus diſpos'd ſhall credit gain;
The *Stentor*-aſs ſhall loudly rattle,
And bray, with martial ſound—To battle!

And on occaſion help to bear
Proviſions—while this nimble Hare
Shall ſerve, for which you'll all confeſs
She's well deſign'd, to go expreſs——
To ſcout, and watch, with curious eye,
The motions of our *enemy*.

Thus, or my judgment is outwitted,
Their bus'neſs, and their pow'rs are fitted.
In movements of a grand machine,
Small wheels, as well as great, are ſeen——
So may the leaſt in any nation,
Be put into an uſeful ſtation;
And PUBLIC good will flouriſh moſt,
Where each ſupplies his proper poſt.

FABLE

FABLE XIX.

The CHARIOTEER.

A CHARIOTEER; not one of thoſe
Who gallop'd in Olympic ſhows;
But one, who on Newmarket's ſod,
Was worſhip'd, as a Demi-God;
Who, out of any thing, could hatch
The praiſe, or profit of a match;
Inſpir'd with moſt heroic glee,
High mounted on a Vis a Vis,
Which to a ſecond he could drive,
Or turn, with any man alive;
Was poſting on a glowing pace——
For Time and he were match'd a race.

His brother Charioteer, the Sun,
His daily courſe had almoſt run,

Impatient for an ev'ning's nap,
In gentle THETIS' watry lap;
When driving up a ſteepy hill,
Which ſomewhat check'd impatient will,
(As horſes, be they e'er ſo good,
Are ſtill no more than fleſh and blood)
It chanc'd our rattle-pated wit
O'ertook an eaſy jogging *cit*,
Of whom he aſk'd, in modiſh ſtile,
Damn it, old boy, how many mile
To ſuch a place, and have I pow'r
To reach it—Gee-up—in an hour?

An hour!—old Slow and Sure replies,
Tis near the rate a Pigeon flies;
And tho' your tits are high bred things,
I cannot yet diſcern their wings;
Their gaping mouths, with foam o'erſpread,
And ſtretch'd out noſtrils glowing red,

Their

Their heaving ſides, and quiv'ring tails,
Inform me that fatigue prevails——
May I adviſe, your ſpeed abate,
Or elſe you'll reach your inn too late;
You'll ſooner gain—believe me, friend—
By ſlower pace, your journey's end.

The mettled blade, of ſpirit proud,
Diſdain'd advice, and laugh'd aloud;
Then ſwore politely, by the Gods,
Old Shaver muſt have ta'en the odds—
Exulting thus, whipp'd ſharp his cattle——
Who ſprung, and made the carriage rattle.

Scarce had he gone three hundred yards,
Ere adverſe fate his courſe retards;
A failing wheel, with craſhing noiſe,
The ſpeed of ſanguine hope deſtroys;
And on the ground, in full career,
Lays low th' aſtoniſh'd CHARIOTEER;

Who curs'd the chance, in modiſh phraſe,
And ſtar'd around with ſtupid gaze.

The ſober CIT came jogging on,
And ſaw diſmounted PHAETON;
He ſaw the proſtrate ruin lie,
On which he caſt a leering eye;
And thus addreſs'd, with taunting ſneer——
I did not think to catch you here;
Tho' as you drove ſo very faſt,
I thought to overtake at laſt.

Thus you, young Sir, like many more,
In Fortune rich, in Reaſon poor,
Drive headlong on, nor ever think
How near you are to danger's brink.

If ever you have been at ſchool
You might have learn'd this uſeful rule,
For young or old, for grave or gay,
Wiſely to keep the middle way.

A com-

A common Proverb has decreed,
The more we haſte the worſe we ſpeed;
Yet ſome with prudence ſtill at ſtrife
Poſt, neck or nothing, on thro' life.

But ſoft—farewel—for more delay
Will too much check my ſtinted way;
The ſun declining loſes light——
I wiſh you, luckleſs friend! good night.

FABLE XX.

The ANGEL and HERMIT.

A STATESMAN who, as records tell,
Could vie in fame with Machiavel,
Had ſerv'd his country ſev'ral years
With able head, in diff'rent ſpheres,
And, ſtrange to tell! had play'd his part,
Ev'n *Envy* own'd, with honeſt heart;
Tho' ſometimes ſtung with partial blame
To cramp, if not to taint his fame;
A certain, tho' a cruel caſe———
Sad conſequence, and tax of place.

At length, impatient of the weight
Which hangs on thoſe who guide a ſtate;
His mind its ſecret wiſhes bent
In ſolitude to ſeek content.

Soon as Reflection had inſpir'd
The pleaſing proſpect, he retir'd;

Fix'd

Fix'd on a lonely rural ſpot,
And chang'd his palace, for a cot;
His levees for th' illuſtrious dead,
Whom in their living works he read;
All equipage was drop'd of courſe,
Or ſhrunk into a ſingle horſe;
On whom he rode for ſake of health,
Which Wiſdom owns the richeſt wealth.

Art had not, with affected grace,
Deform'd this native, lovely place;
Where variegated proſpects grew
Succeſſively to charm the view;
Where Nature thro' the landſcape ſmil'd,
A picture beautifully wild;
Where Study found a ſtill retreat
And Virtue ſeem'd to fix her ſeat.

One day reclining in a ſhade,
By overſpreading poplars made,

Diſpos'd,

Diſpos'd, at large, to ruminate,
Our voluntary HERMIT ſate,
And ſafe he thought from liſt'ning ear,
Thus prais'd his calm, contented ſphere.

Hail a ſequeſter'd ſtate—all hail———
On wood-crown'd hill, or flow'ry vale;
Where mind and body both advance
Their faculties, by temperance;
Where ſmiling Health around us ſails,
Enboſom'd in refreſhing gales;
Where FACTION with diſcordant voice,
No more can interrupt my joys;
Where ENVY with her pois'nous tongue,
No more can taint my fame with wrong;
Where ſmiling, fair-fac'd, heartleſs friends,
No more will haunt for ſelfiſh ends;
Where Treach'ry, darkeſt fiend of Hell,
Will never ſeek my humble cell;

Thrice

Thrice happy thou ſequeſter'd ſtate;
Who but the frantic would be great?

How mean to be AMBITION's ſlave!
Ambition, Virtue's certain grave;
How many years of toilſome life,
Imbitter'd by continual ſtrife,
Tho' with unbounded honours grac'd,
Have I, unthinking, run to waſte?

Oh welcome then the calmer reign
Of ſage reflection; with her train
Of rational, and mild delights;
With healthful days, and peaceful nights;
Which, ſolitude, thy charms declare,
Untainted by corroding care.

Let vain idolaters of Fame
Pay homage to a ſounding name;
Let them enjoy the ſmiles of things,
With titles, ſtars, and ſilken ſtrings;

Let

Let Soldiers tread the martial field,
And teach their vanquiſh'd foes to yield;
Let them poſſeſs the ſavage joy,
Like raging tempeſts, to deſtroy;
Let Merchants toil from coaſt to coaſt,
In ſearch of what they worſhip moſt;
And brave all perils of the main,
In ſearch of thee—moſt pow'rful Gain!
Let Lawyers wrangle—Stateſmen ſcheme,
The fabric of a golden dream;
My part in buſtling ſcenes is o'er,
And Fortune can afflict no more.

Thrice happy, then, ſequeſter'd ſtate,
Who but the frantic would be great?

Here as he ended—from a cloud,
Which ſerv'd him for a ſilver ſhroud,
A light-encircled ANGEL came,
Who hail'd the HERMIT by his name;

Then

Then ſaid; I've heard thy full pretence
To ſolitude, and abſtract ſenſe;
Which ſhows no more in Reaſon's eye,
Than unſubſtantial ſophiſtry.
If man is form'd of ſocial kind,
The duties of his ſtation bind
To play an active part in life,
Howe'er perplex'd with cares and ſtrife;
Withdrawing to inglorious reſt,
Is indolence, or fear, at beſt;
A profitleſs, and mean eſcape,
Unworthy of the human ſhape.

'Tis own'd that crowns are painful things,
That care may haunt the beſt of Kings;
Yet making many millions bleſt,
Muſt calm the mind, and give it reſt;
Can any feel ſuch joy of heart,
As they who act a *Patriot* part?

There lies the worth of being great,
And true pre-eminence of ſtate.

In ſolitude you ſeem to ſay,
That VIRTUE rules with ſettled ſway;
But know that paſſions in reſtraint,
Amidſt *temptations*, form the *ſaint*.

A *ſot*, if unſupplied with wine,
Muſt drunkenneſs perforce reſign;
A *thief*, by locks and bars ſhut out,
May boaſt of honeſty, no doubt;
Yet characters like theſe, I truſt,
Are neither ſober deem'd, nor juſt.

Suppoſe your worth, and what more hard,
Had fail'd to meet a juſt reward;
That errors of capricious pow'r,
Darken'd your well-devoted hour;
Suppoſe thro' hate, or want of ſenſe,
Some ſchemes were croſs'd, on falſe pretence;

Should

Should Reaſon give reſentment ſcope,
Creating thence *a miſanthrope?*
Of ev'ry Vice which man has tried,
None's worſe than overbearing PRIDE.

Accuſtom'd to direct her helm,
Why ſhould you leave your native realm?
In danger to be tempeſt-toſt,
Perhaps, her pilot wanting, loſt.

With love of rural eaſe inſpir'd,
If like the ROMAN you retir'd;
Prepar'd with patriot Love to ſtand,
The bulwark of your native land;
So far, with Reaſon on your ſide,
Retirement might be juſtified;
Yet thoſe whoſe talents moſt excel,
Should ſtudy moſt the public weal:
No meaner wretch can Nature own,
Than he who lives for SELF alone.

FABLE

FABLE XXI.

THE PROUD ASS.

APERT, and ſelf-ſufficient Aſs,
Not half ſo wiſe as BALAAM's was:
Who paſs'd a round of daily care,
In hawking goods from *fair* to *fair*;
Through envy was ſo void of ſenſe,
He ſcorn'd a decent competence;
For ſuch, tho' born an abject ſlave,
His more than tender maſter gave.

One day a pamper'd ſteed paſs'd on,
Deck'd out in rich capariſon;
A mettled creature, full of fire,
And ſhap'd like his ARABIAN ſire:
At whom our Aſs, with mournful ſigh,
Strait caſt a tear-encircled eye;

Then

Then turning to his owner ſaid,
How dearly do I earn my bread?
Not that I bear too great a load,
Nor often feel your painful goad;
But then, unkindly, you neglect,
To gain me, as you might, *reſpect*.

Pray, what's yon *prancer* more than me,
To merit ſo much finery?
Where'er he comes, the Hoſtler ſhows
Attention to his gaudy cloaths;
The freſheſt hay ſupplies his rack,
A curry-comb runs o'er his back;
And beſt of wheaten ſtraw is ſpread
Beneath his hoofs to form a bed;
While I, with paltry pannier clad,
(The very thought would make one mad)
Tho' doom'd to labour ſtill more hard,
Can never meet with juſt regard.

If beauty be his foremoſt claim,
I juſtly may produce the ſame;
Allowing for theſe certain words,
That, "feathers fine, make fineſt birds."

Then, maſter, if you'd have me live,
A ſaddle-cloth with trimmings give;
Upon this head ſuch bridle place,
As may adorn this comely face;
A net were well, to ſtrike the ſight,
No matter, whether green, or white;
Beſides, 'twould guard my tender thighs
In ſummer from perplexing flies;
With ribbands plait my tail and mane;
So let me juſt importance gain;
Or ſoon expect, that ſettled grief
Will weigh me down beyond relief:
For ſure no other means can ſave
Your faithful creature from the grave.

The PEDLAR, fooliſh as his beaſt,
Complied with all the fond requeſt;
And deck'd the Ass with ſimple care,
Then led him to a crouded FAIR,
Where gazing hundreds ſtop'd his way,
And kept the raree-ſhow at bay.

Our long-ear'd *Beau*, aſſuming ſtate,
Would mimic too the managed gait;
While many a rude, and painful thump,
Saluted him from head to rump;
Much laughter and a world of jokes
Accompanied the merry ſtrokes;
Some curſes too from either ſide,
Were vented on his fooliſh pride;
Till terrified, he bray'd aloud
Submiſſion to the ſhouting crowd;
And promis'd thenceforth to appear
In trappings ſuited to his ſphere:

A maxim, ſome of human kind,
Would worthy heir obſervance find;
For pride betrays each forward fool
To all the ſtings of ridicule,

FABLE

FABLE XXII.

THE LAWYER AND FOX.

IT happen'd once, a ſon of law,
Who kept three market towns in awe;
Who in his moſt important look,
All LITTLETON convey'd and COOKE;
(Tho' neither had he ever read,
To furniſh out a tricking head;
For Nature gave ſufficient art
To play the petti-fogging part;)
One Golden Rule who practis'd long,
"To do no right—nor ſuffer wrong"—
Reſolv'd to war againſt the Fox,
Who nightly ſtole his feather'd flocks.

Shall REYNARD, cried old *Niſi Prius*
Not plunder only, but defy us;

Shall ſuch a thief my poultry fleece,
My Ducks, my Turkies, Hens and Geeſe?
Nay more, laſt night, his maw to cram,
He robb'd me of a fatted Lamb;
I'm now reſolv'd to ſet a trap,
And ſhould I catch the ſlipp'ry chap,
With oaken towel firſt I'll bang him,
And then, upon a gibbet hang him.

The Fox, (ſo matters came to paſs)
Who with ſtrict zeal kept MICHAELMAS,
By eating GOOSE—upon its Eve
Went ſlyly laughing in his ſleeve,
To pick up one—oh harden'd ſinner——
For his, and ſpouſe's annual dinner.

The morning clock with drowſy tone,
Upon its bell had juſt ſtruck one;

In dreamleſs balmy ſlumbers bleſt,
Ev'n village curs were lull'd to reſt;
No longer flow'd the murm'ring rill,
Which ſerv'd to work a neighb'ring mill;
Love, wakeful God, no vigil kept,
And HODGE, forgetting MOPSY, ſlept;
Silence and darkneſs moſt profound
Enwrapp'd the fearleſs village round;
When REYNARD reach'd the LAWYER's yard,
And ran direct (O Fortune hard!)
Where lay the trap; there found, too late,
The iron graſp of cruel fate;
He ſtruggled vainly to get looſe,
And curs'd his fooliſh Love of GOOSE.

The morn at length, in ſaffron robe,
Came gayly ſmiling o'er the globe;
Attended by the jocund hours,
And all her vivifying pow'rs;

When from his rooſt deſcending low,
Sir CHANTICLEER prepar'd to crow,
The captive ſaw; when in diſmay
He ſcream'd, and wing'd his fearful way——

Dame PARTLETT heard the dire alarm,
Sure ſignal of approaching harm;
Obey'd the well known, faithful ſound,
And like its echo flutter'd round:
Ducks, Geeſe and Turkies join'd the cry,
With ſuch prevailing energy,
That from his bed the LAWYER roſe,
With haſte, which diſregarded cloaths;
And ran directly to the place,
Where culprit lay, in doleful caſe;
Whom when he ſaw with raptur'd eyes,
I've caught thee then at laſt! he cries;
And will myſelf, both judge and jury,
Let looſe upon thee all my fury.

Thou

Thou murd'rous rogue, infernal thief,
Of all conſummate villains chief;
For nothing that I know of good,
But baſely ſhedding helpleſs blood;
A ling'ring fate ſhall ſtop thy breath,
And give thee, inch by inch, to death.

Poor REYNARD heard the dreadful doom,
And wiſh'd the LAWYER in his room;
He trembled, yet reſolv'd to die
With moſt heroic dignity;
And now, beyond the verge of Hope,
He gave his tongue its utmoſt ſcope.

Shall I, he cried, ſuſtain abuſe,
Nor let, tho' bound, reſentment looſe?
Be ſilent while a monſter talks,
Becauſe upon two legs he walks?

And boaſts of ſomething, Reaſon nam'd,
Which all his actions have diſclaim'd :
A monſter, ſhameful to his kind,
To ev'ry honeſt feeling blind ;
With tongue of guile, with heart of flint,
And ſoul of villainy the *mint*.

What you, Sir LAWYER, thieving call,
In FOXES is no crime at all ;
Impell'd by Nature, we purſue
Our deſtin'd game with honeſt view ;
To ſatisfy—and what more right ?
The urgent calls of appetite ;
Nor ſeek with avaricious ſkill,
For ſake of ſordid gain to kill :
Beſides, no FOX e'er robs his brother,
But mankind plunder one another ;
And ſuch as you are doubly curſt,
Of all the human robbers worſt ;

Who find in ev'ry caſe a flaw,
And JUSTICE put to flight, by LAW.

If then of right you make a plea,
For partial ſentence paſs'd on me;
Reſign at once your ill got pelf,
And much more juſtly hang yourſelf.

FABLE

FABLE XXIII.

THE CONQUEROR AND CAPTIVE.

SUCCESS intoxicates the brain,
And ſometimes makes the wiſeſt vain.
Who that examines age, or youth,
Can controvert ſo plain a truth?
That ſees falſe Fame, or ſolid pelf,
So much increaſe important ſelf,
That LILLIPUTIAN worth can riſe,
A mighty BROBDIGNAG in ſize;
Thence mild benevolence is loſt,
And tyrant pride aſſumes its poſt.

It happen'd once—ſuppoſe the time,
The regal titles, and the clime,
There reign'd a Prince of mighty pow'r,
Who having much, ſtill wanted more;

Who,

Who, Frenchman like, with envious eye,
Beheld the realms of liberty;
And ſtill for war would frame pretence
Of glory ſtain'd, or ſelf defence.

Behold him to the field burſt forth!
An emblem of the boiſt'rous North,
When with its moſt tempeſtuous gales
It deſolates hills, woods and dales.

His oft try'd martial proweſs ſpread
Through neighb'ring ſtates a gen'ral dread;
An ape of mighty CÆSAR's name,
He went, he ſaw, and overcame——
O'er bulwark'd towns he made his way,
While raviſh'd conqueſt own'd his ſway;
One kingdom gain'd, the next he view'd
With eyes ambitious; and purſu'd

FORTUNE, that vain capricious dame,
Who eager ſeem'd to urge his fame;
(Like other ladies, then moſt pleas'd,
When moſt ſollicited and teas'd;)
With partial grace ſtill deign'd to bleſs
His boldeſt actions with ſucceſs;
Whoſe only buſineſs was to fight,
Whate'er the cauſe, or wrong, or right;
Till glutted he at length declined
T' indulge the fever of his mind;
Yet fond of pomp, and madly vain,
He brought in his triumphant train
SIX CAPTIVE KINGS! ſad ſpoil of war!
To draw like beaſts, his ſplendid car:
The day was fix'd, when ſuch a ſight
He thought would give the throng delight;
By various means moſt ſubjects ſtrove
To ſhow their loyalty, and love;

Arches

Arches were rais'd, and trophies plac'd,
In ev'ry ſpot which might be grac'd;
The VICTOR, almoſt deified,
By popular applauſe, and pride,
Could ſcarce vouchſafe to caſt his eye
On any thing beneath the ſky;
And ſilently appear'd to ſay,
All Nature muſt admit my ſway.

At length a downward look he gave,
And chanc'd to view one ROYAL SLAVE;
Who turning ey'd, with thought profound,
The chariot wheel that circled round;
The placid ſmile which o'er his face
Had ſhed a mild peculiar grace;
The eaſy air and juſt diſdain,
With which he wore his golden chain,
Alarm'd the VICTOR; who demanded,
What his attention ſo commanded.

My mind, the Captive cries, is bent
To calm misfortunes, with content;
As in that circling wheel I ſee,
Of life the brief epitome:
The part which now is higheſt, muſt
One ſingle turn replace in duſt;
So thou, tho' preſent laurels bloom,
May, ere thy bones ſhall reach the tomb,
By ſome inverted ſtroke of fate,
Have cauſe to mourn thy fallen ſtate;
Without a friend to ſooth thy care;
None follow *Tyrants* in deſpair;
While vulture Conſcience ſtings thy mind,
For endleſs wrongs to human kind.

The greateſt Prince ſhould learn this truth,
That ſure as age ſucceeds to youth;
So Time devouring ſwallows all;
Empires themſelves, but riſe, to fall,

How-

However glorious, and renown'd,
Since life is but a varying round.

Swift as an arrow to the heart,
Conviction ſent her pointed dart;
Pride wiſh'd indeed to ſtop its courſe,
But yielded to reſiſtleſs force;
And ſaid, that ſhe would taint no more
The boſom of the Conqueror;
Who, from the CAR deſcending, gave
His hand to ev'ry ROYAL SLAVE;
Unloos'd their ſhackles, and declar'd
His pow'r ſhould henceforth be their guard;
Should ſtand a barrier to the weak,
And all oppreſſion's fetters break.
The CAPTIVES ſtruck, due homage paid,
And for their kind deliverer pray'd:
More careful now of native blood,
The unſhaken friend of peace, he ſtood;

Diſbanded Conqueſt, with her train,
For virtues of a Patriot reign;
And long the royal pleaſure prov'd,
Of being much leſs *fear'd*, than *lov'd*.

FABLE

FABLE XXIV.

The MAGPYE and LARK.

A MAGPYE, who with conſtant rattle,
Could faſt as any goſſip prattle;
A forward, pert, conceited elf,
Enraptur'd with delightful ſelf;
Beheld a Lark who ſung hard by,
With much contempt and ſcornful eye.

The ſongſter heard with patient ears,
A multitude of daily ſneers;
And bore them all, howe'er abſurd,
Nor anſwer'd once the coxcomb bird;
But like a wiſe domeſtic did
Whate'er his tender maſter bid;
No buſineſs minded, but his own,
And ſtudied grateful ſongs alone.

No SPARTAN in the pilf'ring art
Could play with more ſucceſs his part,
Than did the MAGPYE: when ſet free
To bear young maſter company;
Whate'er his bill, and ſtrength could take,
He bore away for miſchief's ſake;
For things thus loſt, if ſervants fought,
'Twas happineſs ſupreme he thought:
His miſtreſs, too, he told of all
Which in the kitchen could befall;
What ſweethearts were admitted there,
How long they ſtaid, and what their fare;
Nor could the maidens undeſcried,
A ſecret diſh of tea provide;
Nay, rather, tattler like, than fail,
He'd ſoon invent a curious tale.

One morning, all he thought at reſt,
(The greateſt knaves are fools at beſt;)

In triumph, to the LARK he cries,
What ho, you warbler of the ſkies,
If any ſpirit fir'd your heart,
How could you act this hum-drum part;
Thus idly paſs an uſeleſs age,
Within the limits of your cage,
And only ſtrain with empty note,
Your moſt unprofitable throat?
While I'm ſo active in the houſe,
I ſcarcely miſs a ſtirring mouſe;
I ſee, I hear, and ſtraight unfold,
Whate'er may make our miſtreſs ſcold;
Who loves, you know, or right or wrong,
To exerciſe her *ceaſeleſs* tongue;
And when I've made a hideous pother,
Flings me ſome nice tit bit, or other——
Beſides, it is my conſtant plan,
To ſteal, and hide whate'er I can;

Then ſhrewdly tell the ſervant's name,
I wiſh to brand with loſs and ſhame:
Thus, little ſhort, as I can ſee,
Of human wit and policy;
My happy talents are diſplay'd,
Of nothing, but our CAT, afraid;
While you ſo little notice claim,
Scarce once a week I hear your name;
And like the wild ones of your breed,
Have no regale, but ſod, or ſeed.

A ſervant maid, at morning's break,
By Love, or Conſcience kept awake;
Heard MAGGY's tale; when, fir'd with rage,
She flew directly to his cage;
Then ſeiz'd him, and with many a thump,
Convey'd him underneath the pump;
Where dous'd and drench'd almoſt to death;
While yet he drew ſome doubtful breath,

Tattler,

Tattler, LARDELLA cry'd, take that;
Then threw him to the hungry CAT.

The LARK, who heard but did not ſee,
This boaſter's ſad cataſtrophe,
Reflected thus; deſigning Knaves,
To ſordid, ſelfiſh paſſions ſlaves;
Aſſiſted by diſhoneſt guile,
'Tis true, may ſhine in life awhile;
But where, at length, is all their gain,
Enjoying ſweets to purchaſe pain?
To boaſt, I find, with vicious pride,
Of uſeful talents miſapplied;
A knaviſh heart, and tattling tongue,
From whence ariſes ſocial wrong,
Will haply bring, or ſoon, or late,
Repentance, with untimely fate.
On no ambitious purpoſe bent,
With competence, and eaſe content;

I envy not the brighteſt parts,
Devoted to pernicious arts;
Let me enjoy, the ſongſter ſaid,
An honeſt Heart, and peaceful Head.

FABLE

FABLE XXV.

THE FINE LADY AND THE SUN.

WRETCHES there are, and many too,
Whoſe wiſhes only *ſelf* purſue;
Let partial Fortune deign to grant,
Whate'er their whims, or paſſions want;
They value not, ſhould mankind all
To ſure and ſwift perdition fall.

A female, more than HELEN fair,
Whoſe beauty was her fav'rite care;
Aſſaulted by meridian heat,
Sought out, in vain, a cool retreat;
The glowing air now grown intenſe,
Thro' each apartment gave offence;
Which caus'd her, ſo relates our tale,
Againſt the SUN himſelf to rail.

I wonder,

I wonder, ſays the dainty dame,
That ſuch a vile obnoxious flame,
So rude to faſhionable eyes,
Should ev'ry day aſcend the ſkies;
Or quitting of a diſtant ſphere,
Be ſuffer'd to approach ſo near.

Spotleſs, as new deſcended ſnow,
In Winter's happy time, I ſhow;
But when the Summer's heat takes place,
Six horrid FRECKLES ſhame my face;
Nor dare I paint——oh dire vexation!
For fear of dreadful *perſpiration*.

I wiſh, kind heav'n, eternal night
Adorn'd with milder candle-light,
Would rule the world, with kindly ſway,
And baniſh tell-tale, uſeleſs day.

Who hears from love ſo ſweet a ſound,
As when with friendly darkneſs crown'd?

No

No needleſs bluſhes then diſgrace,
With aukward ſhame, a lady's face;
How often does this Sun advance,
To ſpoil a game of cards, or dance?
What jewels can ſo brightly blaze,
Outluſt'red by his rival rays?
What charms ſo faultleſs can appear,
When his revealing light is near?
Which never ſuffers friendly art
To play, with kind diſguiſe, its part;
'Tis hence that nymphs upon the green
Are to the moſt advantage ſeen,
And rural beauties oft outvie
A W-ldgr-ve——or a C-v-nt-y.

Oh that a kind eclipſe would take
His pow'r away, for Beauty's ſake;
And with a mild nocturnal robe,
Cloath for *my* life, at leaſt, the Globe;

Or if, ye Gods, he ſtill muſt riſe,
Confine him to mechanic eyes:
What ſoul of ſpirit can endure,
To ſhare him with the vulgar poor?

The liſt'ning Sun, who heard from high,
Wing'd on a beam this juſt reply.

Know, brainleſs creature, void of ſenſe,
Thy railing cannot give offence;
The courſe of Nature's perfect frame,
Is proof——againſt thy feeble blame;
Yet to chaſtiſe thy empty prate,
And end this frothy, pert debate,
Hear then, and own thy vacant heart
Prompts thee to play an ideot part.

Think'ſt thou variety is ſhown,
To pleaſe, or profit thee alone?
Think'ſt thou the ſeaſons go and come,
Like ladies from or to a *drum?*

That

That Earth and Water, Sky and Air,
Are only form'd to make thee fair?

Thou ſay'ſt that I am Beauty's foe,
Whence comes the Roſe's healthful glow?
Who paints to thy delighted view,
The LILLY white, the VIOLET blue?
Who gives the fragrant PINK perfume,
Who bids the gaudy TULIP bloom?
Whoſe pow'r the tillage can adorn,
With golden crops of wavy corn?
Who animates each rural ſcene,
And mantles o'er the fields with green?
Whatever grows, or walks, or flies,
Without my kind aſſiſtance dies;
Ev'n thou, vain child of common clay,
Without my vivifying ray,
Diſrob'd of all thy trinkets, muſt
Return with ſpeed to parent duſt;

There,

There, by thy modiſh friends forgot,
Soon as the pooreſt ſlave to rot.
Thou little doſt, who ſo much ſwerve
From common ſenſe, advice deſerve;
Yet hear, unworthy as thou art,
While I aſſume the friendly part,
And counſel give, of ſuch a kind,
As may correct thy fickle mind;
May ſet thy fetter'd reaſon looſe,
And free thy mind from ſelf-abuſe.

Inſtead of lovers at thy toilet,
Who only beauty praiſe to ſpoil it;
Who flutter round like tainting flies,
To make thy rifled ſweets their prize;
Give up to ſome deſerving mate,
Thy ſingle, fruitleſs dang'rous ſtate;
Become in time a virtuous wife,
And learn to taſte a prudent life:

For time inverted in its flight,
For ſlothful day, and vicious night;
For rambling viſits, cards and dice,
For pleaſures bought at VIRTUE's price;
Let ſome domeſtic uſeful care
Thy well applied attention ſhare;
Yet, think not that I mean to ſay,
Thou can'ſt not be with prudence gay;
For pleaſures moſt ſincere we find,
Where prudence is with virtue join'd.

Behold thy liſping infants riſe,
To fill with joy maternal eyes;
On ſuch the trueſt bliſs depends,
In them ſee huſband, parents, friends;
Behold like tender plants they ſhoot,
Cheriſh their bloſſoms into fruit;
To rip'ning morals pay regard,
Repreſs the bad, the good reward;

Join in their ſports, and always try
To give a taſte of induſtry;
Let calm correction, wanted, prove
That juſtice guides parental love;
And rather give thy heart ſome pain,
Than hold the reins of pow'r in vain.

Bleſs'd in his love, and form'd to bleſs,
Make thine thy huſband's happineſs;
If any ruffle ſhould ariſe,
(For ſtorms may gloom the brighteſt ſkies)
Smile him with gentle looks to peace,
And bid unruly paſſions ceaſe;
Laſt, ſhunning empty, laviſh pride,
Be ev'ry day in dreſs a bride.

Theſe rules purſu'd, thy ſight muſt be
In proper ſeaſons fond of me;
And night will only then ſeem beſt,
When weary Nature calls for reſt.

FABLE

FABLE XXVI.

The LION, BEAR and APE.

IT happen'd, as in human kind,
A Lion, to his errors blind,
(No more than battle to the ſtrong,
Does wiſdom to the great belong)
Admir'd an Ape, a flatt'ring ſprite,
Who prais'd his actions, wrong or right;
Who when it thunder'd, kindly ſwore,
'Twas nothing to his Monarch's roar;
When lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
'Twas nothing to his piercing eye;
And vow'd that his majeſtic face,
Put human nature to diſgrace;
For which the ſycophant, in ſhort,
Was Laureat made, and went to Court;

While haughty diſtance curb'd a BEAR,
Who lov'd his PRINCE with honeſt care;
Becauſe the undiſſembling creature,
As rough in temper, as in feature,
By loyalty, and prudence taught,
Still plainly utter'd what he thought;
Some wholeſome truths would oft advance,
Ne'er found in GALLIC complaiſance,
And often, like a Patriot, would
Remind his King of PUBLIC GOOD.

Attended by this contraſt pair,
The Lion went to take the air;
When, as along a wood they ſtray'd,
Sir APE freſh proteſtations made;
Declar'd his head, his heart, and all,
Were ready at the Monarch's call:
Come Danger from each point, he cries,
That the winds blow, thro' wintry ſkies;

Let

Let Fate, with all its terrors crown'd,
Spread all her ſtrongeſt toils around;
Fearleſs 'twould be my greateſt pride,
To ſhed my blood in crimſon tide;
And bravely fall, no more to riſe,
Before my Royal Maſter's eyes.
But wherefore this, ſince conqueſts tell,
How much he is invincible?
The whiſking of whoſe dreadful tail,
Can ſtouteſt hearts with fear aſſail;
Whoſe mortal fangs and tuſks defy
All nature turn'd his enemy;
Let ev'ry beaſt, then, chorus join,
To hail a MONARCH ſo divine.

The BEAR heard all, yet nothing ſaid,
But jog'd along, and ſhook his head.

At length appear'd, from neighb'ring plain,
Of hunters a terrific train!

The ſtartled beaſts, who ſaw too late,
The near approach of frowning fate,
No time had left to ſhape their courſe,
Before aſſail'd with hoſtile force.

At the firſt glimpſe our valiant APE
Up a huge tree made ſwift eſcape;
And left, as his ſecureſt way,
His Prince, he thought an eaſy prey.

Cowards, themſelves, who cannot fly,
Will rather fight, than tamely die;
No wonder then heroic hearts,
In ſuch a caſe, ſhould play their parts.

BRUIN, with fatal graſp, diſplay'd
Much merit in the fighting trade;
Preſs'd out by force th' unwilling breath,
Embracing many foes to death.

Impregnable the LION ſtood,
Till cover'd with his hunters' blood;

Who hopeleſs, on th' approach of night,
Gave up a long and doubtful fight;
Taught by the royal beaſt to yield,
And leave him maſter of the field.

Soon as the APE beheld from high,
A vanquiſh'd, harmleſs enemy,
He reach'd the ground with nimble pace,
Ten thouſand bows, and fawning face;
Gave LEO joy of warlike fame,
Of ſafety, and a deathleſs name;
Then wanting words to ſuit his praiſe,
Concluded with three loud huzzas.

Lip-love could now deceive no more;
His monarch with tremendous roar,
Full in the BEAR's delighted view,
The ſycophantic coward flew;
Then cried, Henceforth no fawning ſlave,
No fair-fac'd, flatt'ring, heartleſs knave,

Shall ever royal favour ſhare——
Henceforth 'tis thine,—my truſty BEAR.

The prince, or ſubject who depends
On flatt'ring, or profeſſing friends,
When Danger with tempeſtuous gales,
In moſt tremendous form aſſails,
Will find the ſun-ſhine minions fly
The clouds of dark adverſity.

FABLE

FABLE XXVII.

THE COCK AND PEACOCK.

A PEACOCK which, as oft you've heard,
In classic times was JUNO's bird,
Of rich and gaudy plumage proud,
Assum'd precedence o'er the croud;
And, coxcomb like, not knowing whether
True merit lay in heart, or feather;
He exercis'd his taunting wit,
On whom, and when he thought most fit.

One luckless day, his spirits high,
As CHANTICLEER was passing by;
An honest bird who never tried,
To fawn and flatter empty pride;
With insolence of word and look,
His haughty, restless mind he broke.

Why how now, GINGER, what's the matter,
That you preſum'd to make ſuch clatter?
You ſtrut, and crow, and clap your wings,
'Till all our maſter's court-yard rings;
Such rude behaviour, ſuch a noiſe,
The pleaſure of my life deſtroys.

I ſeldom raiſe my tuneful note,
To ſhame thy moſt diſcordant throat,
Elſe all the birds would ſoon agree,
To ſing my praiſe, and baniſh thee.

Beſides, you ſhamefully neglect
To pay my worſhip due reſpect——
Be prudent then, nor more provoke
That rage, which yet has turn'd to joke
Thy crimes; or know, thou wilt expoſe
Thy ſafety to a world of foes.
Tho' I alone, beyond diſſembling,
Can ſet thy paltry heart a trembling.

He

He ſaid; and turning with diſdain,
Diſplay'd his rich embroider'd train;
Which ſhone an emblem of the ſkies,
Adorn'd with ARGUS' hundred eyes.

The COCK, like every bird of ſenſe,
Still ſlow to give, or take offence;
For ſome time heard with patience cool,
This gaudy, ſhallow-pated fool:
The cenſure on his voice and air,
He rightly judg'd beneath his care;
But touch'd upon the maſter ſtring
Of Courage——Paſſion ſtraight took wing;
His feathers roſe, and o'er his head
The crimſon tinge of rage was ſpread.

Shall my fair name receive a blot,
He cries, from ſuch an empty ſot?
Shall I, who in the mortal pit,
My blood have ſhed, to thee ſubmit?

Whate'er

Whate'er their ſhow, I like not birds,
Made merely up of looks and words:
Prepare, and ſtand upon thy guard,
I ſeldom ſtrike, but always hard.
He flew with ſuch a willing mind,
At once he ſmote the PEACOCK blind;
Who fell to earth, and proſtrate lay,
Of pain, and ſhame, the hapleſs prey;
Which ſeen, the gen'rous victor cried,
Unhappy wretch, I'm ſatisfied;
Thy eyes have paid the forfeit due;
Henceforth dwell peace 'twixt me and you;
To conquer gratifies the brave,
Whoſe ſecond pleaſure is to ſave;
For this I'll prove a tender friend,
And ſooth the loſs I cannot mend:
But let thy fate henceforth adviſe
The race of FOPLINGS to be wiſe;——
All, who like thee, in ſhow delight,
Moſt juſtly merit loſs of ſight.

FABLE

FABLE XXVIII.

THE WASPS AND BEES.

A BEE, the leader of its hive,
As great as any BEE alive;
Of enterprizing diſpoſition,
A warrior, and a politician;
As once he took his humming flight,
Upon a cowſlip chanc'd to light;
And while from golden cup he drew
Luxurious draughts of honey dew,
A jealous WASP, with words like theſe,
Abus'd in him the race of BEES.

Why, how now, thou maroding elf,
Thou doſt not ſurely know thyſelf;
Elſe couldſt thou not pretend to range,
From clime to clime in ſearch of change;

And

And plunder all the fields along,
Where'er thou com'ſt, or right or wrong;
But Bees, indeed, both great and ſmall,
Are little leſs than robbers all;
A poor, dependent ſet of knaves,
To undeſerving mankind ſlaves;
Who think their citadel of ſtraw
Should keep the INSECT world in awe.

Hence let me warn thee from this ſpot,
Which Nature has ordain'd my lot;
Or elſe, tho' thouſands ſhould protect,
Some dreadful puniſhment expect;
Annihilation, without trace
Of you, or any of your race———

The Bee with ſullen wonder heard,
And, fearleſs, weigh'd each ſingle word;
Thrice he in vain eſſay'd to ſpeak,
Thrice could not teeming ſilence break;

Juſt pride the pow'r of ſpeech reſtrain'd;
For tho' he felt, he ſtill diſdain'd
To enter ſingly in the liſt
With ſuch a vile antagoniſt;
So ſpread his pinions, and retreated,
In haſte, as if he'd been defeated.

Great thoughts, at once, the WASP inſpire,
To ſee his hated foe retire;
His neſt he ſought with eager haſte,
And being in the center plac'd,
Declar'd with how much ſpirit he
Had guarded public property.

When he had told the ſanguine tale,
Which pride imagin'd could not fail
High in the rolls of deathleſs FAME,
To blazon his immortal name;
Debates, which made no little clatter,
Aroſe about th' important matter.

Some prais'd, while ſome expreſs'd diſlike;
Worth cannot all opinions ſtrike;
The young and forward waſps agreed,
Some honours ſhould be ſtrait decreed;
For leſs 'twas thought they could not render,
To ſuch a ſpirited defender.

One, glibber tongu'd than all the reſt,
Thus plauſibly harangued the neſt:
I know not why, my valiant friends,
Since juſtice on ourſelves depends,
Maroding BEES unchieck'd ſhould roam,
While fearful we remain at home:
Do we not boaſt as nimble wings,
As mighty hearts, as deadly ſtings?
Glory invites, with friendly call,
Shall we not own the ſummons all?
Forth let us fly, and ſtrait engage
Our mortal foes, with martial rage:

If none of greater merit claim
The foremoſt poſt in paths of FAME,
Boldly in front myſelf I'll place,
And danger's firſt approaches face;
Live with immortal honour crown'd,
Or bravely fall, a WASP renown'd.

My friends, replies an aged Sire,
Fools only ſpecious ſhow admire;
Sound policy, and ſolid ſenſe,
Will ponder ſtill the conſequence;
In ſtates we find, as private life,
There's little got by ill-tim'd ſtrife.

Perhaps, I may appear too ſtoic,
To cenſure meaſures ſo heroic;
But know, you'll find on cooleſt thought,
Ev'n HONEY may be dearly bought;
Kind Nature yields ſufficient ſtore
To feed us all; what need we more?

We may be happy, if we pleaſe,
As peaceful WASPS, or peaceful BEES;
But if we plunge ourſelves in war,
We cannot tell the end of care;
Let INSECTS what they have enjoy,
And monſter MAN his kind deſtroy.

This ſage advice, however right,
Was treated with a gen'ral ſlight.

Mean while the BEES a meſſage ſent,
To know their *waſpiſh* foes intent;
Whether ſubmiſſion ſhould releaſe,
From threaten'd war, and give them peace,
Or reſolute in bold defiance,
On Fortune they would fix reliance?

Remonſtrance to the *Quixote* train
Of pride-ſwell'd inſects, prov'd in vain;
They bade the Herald wing his flight,
And ſay their wiſhes were to fight;

That

That blows, that wounds, that death alone,
With horrors and diſtreſs unknown,
In that, or any other age,
Their kindled fury could aſſwage.

The Bees, determin'd to chaſtiſe
This haughty ſlight of compromize,
A war began; and Fortune ſate
Three ſummer months, in doubtful ſtate,
On which to turn the fav'ring gale,
Suſpending nicely Conqueſt's ſcale;
While many ſtingleſs champions lay,
To hungry ſpiders eaſy prey;
Till both ſides wearied, thought it beſt,
For that campaign, at leaſt, to reſt.

Their ſuff'rings in the field were great,
Yet home produc'd a ſharper fate;
For now the flow'ry time was o'er,
Deſign'd to furniſh Winter's ſtore;

In vain they ſought the ruſſet fields,
The year declin'd no nurture yields;
Pale Famine gave a gen'ral ſhock,
On finding Glory all their ſtock.

Our warriors wounded to the heart,
Breath'd out deſpair on either part;
Forgot the trivial cauſe of ſtrife,
So hanging o'er the verge of life,
Agreed to curſe ambitious Pride——
Sad counſellor!——and ſtarving dy'd.

FABLE XXIX.

THE POET AND PEN.

WELL ſung the BARD, that ſome "in *ſpite*
Of Nature, and their ſtars, will write;"
Proofs riſe on proofs that ev'ry age
Mounts DUNCES upon Learning's ſtage;
Who write, and write, and write away,
For empty fame, or ſolid pay;
On Deaths, Births, Marriages compoſe,
Whole reams of flimſy—Verſe or Proſe
With ſelf-applauſe admire their wit,
Whene'er the public taſte they hit——
Such pinching want too oft endure——
What then? MAEONIDES was poor——
Hence comfort ſprings—for what was HE,
Each BLOCKHEAD cries, pray, more than ME?

In *Grub-ſtreet*, rais'd three ſtories high,
His garret pervious to the ſky;
One day a luckleſs ſon of rhime,
To ſooth his grief, and kill his time,
Thus ſpoke the anguiſh of his heart,
Shall I ſtill play the paſſive part;
When Envy's utmoſt wrath is hurl'd
Againſt me by a thankleſs world?
When all my genius, all my pains,
Amount to ſuch penurious gains;
Inſtead of the Falernian flaſk,
I drain the dregs of ſmall beer caſk;
And almoſt a Chamelion grown,
I'm taught to live on air alone;
The rats and mice may when they pleaſe
My cupboard haunt, nor hurt my cheeſe;
My ruſſet coat, which once was black,
Hangs piecemeal o'er my ſhiv'ring back;

And nightly on too ſhort a bed,
Like *Codrus* *, I recline my head;
All this to thee—worſt plague of men,
I owe, thou moſt accurſed PEN!

Oh that my fingers long ere now,
Inſtead of THEE, had graſp'd the PLOW!
Or plac'd in a contented ſtall,
Had learn'd to puſh the jocund awl;
Intrinſic merit then like mine
Had not as pearl been caſt to *Swine*.

His PEN, which heard, made this reply,
Truth, Scribbler, may thy charge deny;
Convicted folly ſeeks excuſe,
The beſt of things admit abuſe;
And often ſo againſt our wills,
Appears the injur'd race of Quills.

Of men and their caprice the ſlaves,
We ſerve the turn of *Fools* and *Knaves*;

* Vid. JUVENAL.

Fools always think that they command
Our movements with a maſter's hand;
And *Knaves* affecting Virtue's cauſe,
Aſſail through us her wiſeſt laws.

The Author who would merit fame,
Whoſe wiſhes graſp a laſting name,
Diſtinguiſh'd in his works ſhould be
By genius, ſenſe, and honeſty;
Without the laſt, the former two
Are glitt'ring ſerpents fair to view;
Which flatter with a ſpangled ſkin,
While deadlieſt poiſon lurks within.

Did I, or any other quill,
Endeavour to miſlead thy will;
Had I the power to turn aſide
Thy confidence, and forward pride?

'Tis true, thou haſt not wanted care
To make thy labours popular;

And

And never miſs'd occaſion fit,
To ſhew thy politicks and wit;
To praiſe, or cenſure, ever prone,
Where profit mark'd a cauſe thy own;
Thou haſt not fail'd to join the cry,
And bawl out——*Wilkes* and *Liberty!*
Yet rated as a babbling hound,
Contempt thy vain endeavours crown'd;
You think, you write, you print in vain,
And torture me with fruitleſs pain:
'Tis not each wight who chinks a rhime,
That ſhines the CHURCHILL of his time;
Tho' he——but huſh, the hand of Death
Shuts Cenſure's lips, and ſtops her breath.

Could'ſt thou with noble heart and mind,
Like LYTTELTON, inform mankind;
From whom with eaſe and vigour flows,
The elegance of verſe and proſe.

Could'ſt thou on Fancy's rapid wing,
In ſtrains like nervous MASON ſing;
Like him range Nature's ample field,
And ſuch enchanting proſpects yield.

Could'ſt thou with elegiac GRAY,
In ſlowly, ſad funereal lay,
Such paſſion-quelling truths impart,
As charm at once, and mend the heart.

Or could'ſt thou on the *comic* ſtage,
Like ſprightly COLMAN ſhew the age,
The ruſtic, fop, and jealous fool,
With juſtice turn'd to ridicule;
Then Genius taking proper bent,
Had made thy pen an ornament.

Shall DUNCES blot with Gothic rage,
A *Virgil*'s or a *Milton*'s page———

In

In mad *revenge*, for want of *toſte*,
Lay the fair field of *Science* waſte?
Suppreſs thy ſelf-ſufficient ſpirit,
Allow that *others* may have *Merit*;
Your genius ſuit, whate'er it be,
You'll never blame the *World*, nor ME.

FABLE

FABLE XXX.

THE MILK WHITE MOUSE.

ARE there who own a ray of ſenſe,
Yet controvert a PROVIDENCE?
Who ſee the glorious Sun ariſe,
To light our Globe, and gild the ſkies;
Who view thoſe countleſs gems which grace
The boundleſs, blue Æthereal ſpace;
Who hear the Thunder's awful craſh,
Who ſee the Light'ning's fearful flaſh;
The fleecy clouds, the azure main,
Th' aſpiring hill, and humble plain;
Who e'er have ſeen with curious eye,
The wonders of Anatomy;
Or view in order moſt correct,
Beyond what mortals could project,

The

The vegetable world advance,
Yet ſay that All is born of chance?

Why Sceptics labour to diſprove,
Almighty Pow'r, Almighty Love;
And madly ſhut conviction out,
To entertain the Phantom Doubt;
Say, WALMSLEY *—for to thee is known,
RELIGION plac'd on REASON's throne;
And none with fitter head, or heart,
Her balmy precepts can impart;
Remove the veil from darken'd eyes,
Bid Truth in all her charms ariſe;
And pour reſiſtleſs on the ſight,
To ſhow "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;"——
Unleſs when ignorance or pride,
From Wiſdom's precepts turn aſide.

* Of *New Malton, Yorkſhire.*

Lo!

Lo!—form'd on Nature's nobleſt plan,
How diſcontent, how vain is man?
How groundleſs in ill plac'd deſires,
As oppoſite as froſts and fires;
Let Seaſons vary as they will,
Some cares, ſome faults perplex him ſtill:
The ſcorching Summer burns his ground,
Next Rains deſcend; and then he's drown'd:
His ſituation always ſuch,
Heav'n ſends too little, or too much.
Wisdom too oft attacks in vain,
Such impious ſelf-created pain;
For Ignorance, a mere Buffoon,
And Pride, a relative Poltroon,
The bluſhing Goddeſs may out-face,
With inſolent and low grimace;
Yet where her graver axioms fail,
Diſguis'd in Allegoric tale;

Oft

Oft with ſucceſs ſhe plays her part,
And, tickling Fancy, ſteals the heart;
Then let the Muſe in maſquerade,
Invoke the friendly, *blue-ey'd* Maid.

Her ſtrains attend, each proud ingrate,
Nor murmur at unerring Fate;
For tho' portentous clouds ſhould low'r,
And tempeſts ſhake thy preſent hour;
The ſtorm may paſs, and on its wings
Bear from thy breaſt ten thouſand ſtings;
And humble Hope, and pious Love,
Draw down protection from above;
Yet howſoe'er thy Fortune fails,
With fav'ring tides, and proſp'rous gales,
With caution ſteer towards thy port,
Nor 'midſt ſurrounding dangers ſport.

A Mouse, whoſe ſilky fur could ſhow
Leſs fair the pureſt *Alpine* ſnow;
Had long a fav'rite cupboard haunted,
For ſuſtenance which Nature wanted;
Nor ever with voracious mind,
At lack of various food repin'd;
But bleſs'd with cruſts of bread and cheeſe,
Enjoy'd content, and liv'd at eaſe.

One night—one moſt important night!
Allur'd by Dian's ſilv'ry light;
The little wand'rer ventur'd out,
And to a neighbour's took its route;
Where ſoon—its former haunts forſaken—
Drawn by the ſcent of toaſted bacon,
With headlong ſpeed—Oh dire miſhap!
It ruſh'd into the baited trap;
The dainty ſeiz'd, and bleſs'd that ſtar,
Which led to ſuch delicious fare;

Admir'd

Admir'd the thought which taught to roam,
From taſteleſs, mouldy ſcraps at home,
Then prais'd, with joy, the happier lot
Of this unknown, luxurious ſpot.

As fools the preſent moment prize,
Nor forward deign to caſt their eyes;
The little *Captive* thought no leſs,
Than laſting, perfect happineſs;
And on reflection grew quite vain,
To think its all-ſufficient brain
Alone, with matchleſs ſenſe profound,
This more than golden mine had found:
How blind all other Mice! it cries,
MYSELF, am *wiſeſt* of the *wiſe*.

Now gorg'd with moſt delicious cate,
It finds ſurrounding bars too late;

From

From top to bottom fear-ſtruck flies,
Attempts to creep, attempts to riſe;
But finding it in vain to try,
For home deſpis'd and liberty;
To give it's anxious heart relief,
On FORTUNE vents the ſtorm of grief;
Exclaims againſt her as unkind,
And calls her partial, cruel, blind;
Nor once admits, in diſtant thought,
SELF, *mighty* SELF, in any fault.

The favour it had long enjoy'd,
This ſingle accident deſtroy'd;
Five minutes unexpected pain,
Now ballanc'd years of bliſsful gain.
Ungrateful MOUSE!—nay fooliſh too,
Extend thy dim, contracted view;
Plac'd in thy native cupboard ſee,
That night GRIMALKIN watch for thee;

And had not fortune led from home,
An hungry CAT had been thy doom;
Then yield to patience fretful ſtrife,
Thy FREEDOM loſt prolongs thy LIFE.

With morning came WHIMSILLA's maid,
By whom the lucky trap was laid.
She came—and ſeiz'd with ſtrange delight
To ſee a MOUSE ſo lovely white,
Straight to her miſtreſs bore in haſte,
A gift ſo ſuited to her TASTE.

WHIMSILLA views with raviſh'd eyes,
So beautiful, ſo rich a prize,
And ſtruck with each inchanting feature,
Doats on the dear bewitching creature;
What wonders are by trifles wrought?
The ſilver *cage*, the *almonds* bought,
Away flies ev'ry anxious thought—

No vapours now, happen what will;
No tho' laſt night ſhe loſt—CODILLE.——

Pamper'd, careſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
The captive, too elate with pride,
Grew more diſtinguiſhing and nice,
Than any of the tribe of MICE,
Indulg'd exceſs, nor ever thought
Of what the pleaſing change had wrought;
But like a petted, darling child,
With miſapplied indulgence wild,
To beauty gave the total merit,
Of all it did, or could inherit;
And vainly ſaid of ev'ry bliſs,
My worth deſerves much more than this;
For wiſhes with enjoyment grew,
(Experience proves this maxim true)
'Till fretted Fortune thus purſued,
By folly, and ingratitude,

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd in juſt and ſettled ſtate,
To ſhow a ſad reverſe of fate.

Each day WHIMSILLA's love grew ſtronger;
Her maid could bear her toil no longer;
Who ſorely wearied with attendance,
(The ſervile curſe of her dependance)
Reſolv'd, that ſlily turn'd a-drift,
The favorite once more ſhould ſhift.

This fatal plan no ſooner laid,
But when her miſtreſs went to bed,
She quitted her perplexing charge,
And ſet the *pris'ner* quite at large,
Who by indulgence grown a FOOL,
Ran juſt beneath a watchful OWL,
Whoſe crop became a ſpeedy grave,
Whence boaſted BEAUTY could not ſave.

Hence mortals learn—be timely wiſe——
Check imperfections as they riſe;
And know, in thoſe who vainly boaſt,
Both charms and virtues all are loſt;
That human kind, or rich, or poor,
If proud, ungrateful and ſecure;
Inſulted FORTUNE ſoon may chouſe,
Juſt as ſhe did the MILK WHITE MOUSE.

FABLE

FABLE XXXI.

THE OLYMPIC COURT.

THE GODS in awful ſynod met
This lower world to regulate,
Reſolv'd, in gracious mood, to grant
What mortals moſt might wiſh or want;
And gave ten thouſand bleſſings birth
To glad unthankful ſons of earth;
Who favour'd with unbounded ſtore,
Pray'd—when they pray'd at all—for more.

JOVE wearied with ſollicitation
From ev'ry rank, of ev'ry nation,
Propos'd th' OLYMPIC council ſhould
Conjoin to form a gen'ral good;
Nor longer waſte their ſacred pow'r
In toys which vaniſh with the hour.

Why ſhould, ſays he, a ſlave of vice
Invoke us to aſſiſt his dice?
Shall uſurers become ſo bold
To aſk from us freſh heaps of gold?
Dare fleecing lawyers think that we
Hold forth for knaves the quick'ning fee?
Muſt we, that PHYSIC's ſons may ride,
Breathe peſtilence in airy tide?
That ladies may be wrap'd in night,
Ought we to quench celeſtial light?
To pleaſe them all we try in vain,
Do what we can, they will complain:
Then hear, CELESTIALS, what I aſk,
Aſſiſt me in the glorious taſk——
Throughout creation's various plan
No work exceeds a virtuous man;
Call ev'ry GRACE from ev'ry part,
Which beſt improve the MIND and HEART.

I'll

I'll give to BRITISH GEORGE an Heir
Worthy a royal parent's care;
No monarch more deſerves regard,
No nation better claims reward;
Then let a PATRIOT PRINCE be born,
Who like his Sire may crowns adorn;
On whom I will myſelf beſtow
Perfections mortals ſeldom know;
JUSTICE ſhall all his actions guide,
With Mercy ſmiling at her ſide.

When hoſtile force provokes to war,
You MARS ſhall guide his rapid car;
And NEPTUNE you ſhall ſmooth the tides,
O'er which his conquering navy rides;
APOLLO muſt his councils wait,
Aſſiſtant guardian of the ſtate;
And HERMES, giving voice to ſenſe,
Cloath thou his tongue with eloquence.

CHERUBS who heard the thund'rer ſpeak,
Their joy in acclamations break;
While echo wing'd on ſpicy gales
Reſounded GEORGE—*our*—PRINCE of WALES.

One care remain'd yet unadjuſted,
To whom the Prince might be entruſted;
MINERVA ſaid, for mankind's ſake,
She on herſelf the taſk would take.

JOVE lik'd what ſhe propos'd, and cried,
We could not wiſh a better guide;
Go take the ſtile of FINCH,* and prove
The feelings of a mother's love;
With virtues warm, and judgment cool,
Inſtruct thy infant charge to rule:
The Goddeſs ſmil'd; and now is ſeen
Juſt delegate of BRITAIN's QUEEN.

* LADY CHARLOTTE.

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